

From the Quarterly Review.

Dr. Johnson; his Religious Life and his Death. By the author of "Doctor Hookwell," "The Primitive Church in its Episcopacy," &c. 8vo, pp. 528. 1850. Reprinted by Harper and Brothers. New York.

AMONGST the audacities of book-making, we remember nothing so bold as "Doctor Hookwell." The religious and literary world do not need to be reminded that the vicarage of Leeds is worthily filled by Dr. Walter Farquhar Hook, well known for his various theological publications, and for the higher merit of an intelligent and indefatigable discharge of his pastoral duties. This eminent divine, the author of "Doctor Hookwell" has made the hero of a three-volumed *novel*, with no other veil than the syllable added to his name, but prefixing his initials—W. F.—and subjoining in full letters his description as *Vicar of Leeds*. This strange indelicacy of bringing forward a living clergyman as the hero of a work of fiction, becomes practically less offensive from the extreme absurdity and insipidity of the performance. It is foreign to our present purpose to inquire whether there are any doctrines attributed to *Doctor Hookwell* that Dr. Hook need disclaim, though we can have no doubt both his modesty and good taste must be offended by the very gross and clumsy panegyrics pronounced on his shadow. But what concerns us on this occasion, is, that the mode on which that work was concocted, is evidently repeated in this new one;—namely, that the author being in the habit of keeping a common-place book, took on the former occasion Dr. Hook, and now takes Dr. Johnson as the text on which he may spin out into a bulky publication all the scattered and frequently worthless scraps of his desultory reading;—secondly, that this is done by one who, extensive as his *commonplacing* may be, seems incredibly ignorant or negligent of matters that everybody else knows;—thirdly, that he has entirely, and, as it seems, intentionally misrepresented a leading and important circumstance of that which forms the professed object of his work.

Of his expertness in the noble art of tumefaction, our readers will see, that, to avoid the same error, our examples must be sparing. The chapter headed

"HIS SUPERSTITION"

is a collection of anecdotes concerning superstitions, and belief in witches, fairies, ghosts, &c., in "The Ancient Greeks and Romans"—"Alexander the Great"—"Pliny"—"The Haunted House at Athens"—"The Poet Prudentius"—"Sir M. Hale"—"Dr. Cotton Mather of Massa-

chusetts"—"A Wagoner in the County of Salop"—"A Second Wagoner in Shropshire"—"A Lady in the Isle of Mull"—"Mrs. Pallister"—"A Manx Servant Maid and a Hare"—other "Manx Enthusiasts," &c., &c. And having spent two pages in these heterogeneous, and most of them ludicrously trivial stories, he at length remembers Dr. Johnson—

But let us come to what may be called Dr. Johnson's superstitions.

And after another dozen pages of similar rambling—barely rational—he winds up the whole chapter of "Johnson Superstitions" with—

Johnson was not superstitious;

which is very like the celebrated chapter of Horrebow's *Iceland*, which he might have found in Boswell—

CHAPTER LXXII.—CONCERNING SNAKES.

There are no snakes to be met with on the island.

So, also, because Dr. Johnson wrote a few epitaphs—none of them very remarkable, but all full of grave and dignified feeling—we have a chapter of

"EPITAPHS;"

in which, after slightly mentioning four or five of Johnson's, our author says,

Perhaps in no one department of writing has the varied talent of mankind been more displayed than in the writing of epitaphs. Some inscriptions are of a witty, or serio-comic nature; some laudatory of the dead, at the expense of the characters of the living; some enigmatical; some expressing lamentations in true poetry. We find specimens of these sorts largely abounding in Grecian and Roman, as well as in English literature. Let a few examples, from modern sources, be given.—p. 439.

And then he proceeds to copy out of his common-place book some couple of dozen epitaphs, of which the two or three that were worth copying even into a scrap-book, are to be found in every collection, and hardly one of the rest would deserve admission into any. What do our readers think of the following as illustrations of the *religious life and death* of Doctor Johnson?—

Reputed to be inscribed on a tombstone in the churchyard of Llandinabo, in Herefordshire:

*Templum, Bellum, Splunca,
De Terrâ in Arcû.*

Reader! you must at once be given the meaning of this, for probably you would rack your brains in vain. Here it is:—

CHURCH-WAR-DEN
OF LLANDIN-A-BO.—p. 443.

Or of this :

Here lies I, at the Church door ;
Here lies I, because I 's poor !
The farther you go, the more you pay ;
Here lies I, as warm as they !—p. 441.

Or of his quoting as an *epitaph* six out of eighteen lines of a doggerel libel which appeared in the periodicals of the day, (1747,) against (which our author does not seem to have suspected) the celebrated Vice-Admiral Lestock ?

By a similar process, whenever Johnson, or any one else, happens in Boswell's great repository of table-talk to mention any name that our author can find, either in his own common-place book or the Biographical Dictionaries, he seldom fails to favor us with a digression, shorter or longer, concerning not only the person thus named, but any other persons that he can *hook well* or *ill* into the same category. For instance, Johnson saw Dr. Blacklock twice in his life, at two breakfasts ; on the first occasion, Johnson says, with a warmth accounted for by Blacklock's misfortune, "Dear Dr. Blacklock, I am glad to see you." This casual expression of Johnson's sympathy and civility, our author exaggerates into—

Dr. Johnson showed *much friendship* to the blind poet and divine ;

and then runs off into six pages about blind poets, in which he takes occasion to inform the world that Milton also was a blind poet, and that a certain Dr. Lucas was a blind divine. And he further, on Lucas' authority, acquaints us that

Homer, Appius, Cn. Aufidius, Didymus, Walkup, Père Jean l'Aveugle, &c., all of them eminent for their service and usefulness,

were as blind as Lucas.—p. 268.

But let it not be supposed that he always makes these digressions without due apology and justification. For instance, when mentioning the curious fact that Dr. Johnson had a mother, he takes occasion to say that other people also have had mothers, and even fathers, and have found them very useful helps, particularly to their first steps in life :—

Here we may be permitted [*"prodigious bold request"*] to observe the *usefulness of parental education*. How many children, before escaping from the nursery, have learned lessons of virtue from a mother or a father, that have never been forgotten !—p. 11.

And then he goes on to enumerate several distinguished persons, who, "like Johnson," were under obligations to their mothers—for instance, Adam Clarke, and Lord Byron :—

—but of all maternal patterns the mother of St. Augustin ranks the first.—p. 11.

Though, if our author knows no more of Saint Monica than he evidently does of poor Mrs. Byron, his praise of a *maternal pattern* is not worth much. He further thinks it necessary to quote the very passage in which the "*Rev. Robert*

Cecil" does not hesitate to confess that "he was much indebted to his MOTHER," and even "felt the loss of his FATHER," (p. 11.) The capitals are in the original, and mark very properly the singularity and importance of the facts they refer to.

These scanty specimens must suffice to explain our first objection, namely, that Johnson's name is made the peg on which to hang up—or rather the line on which to hang out—much hackneyed sentimentality, and some borrowed learning, with an awful and overpowering quantity of twaddle and rignarole.

Our second, though not applying so extensively, is, as regards any reliance on the compiler's authority, still more serious. To begin with his anachronisms. He calls Addison "*the contemporary of Johnson*." It is true they were alive together for a few years. So were William III. and George II., for a longer period, but who ever thought of calling them contemporaries ? He thinks

probably that excellent paper, in the Rambler, on capital punishment, was written with the fate of poor Dodd in his view.—p. 188.

The Rambler terminated early in 1752. Dodd's misfortune was in 1777, just a quarter of a century later.

He censures the "*fulsome eulogy*" of Pope's dedication of Parnell's Poems to Lord Oxford, "although it was *during his lordship's descent* from the height of political power," (p. 259.) Lord Oxford's fall, as everybody but this writer knows, was in 1714 ; and Pope's verses, about the most feeling and elegant that he ever wrote, were in 1721.

He talks too of "*Prynne the regicide*," (p. 379.) It seems strange that one who seems to have books about him should not have known that the wayward Prynne, after his early opposition to, and sufferings from, the court, had, before the king's trial, become almost if not quite a royalist.

These, and twenty others of the like, though very strange in a gentleman who ascends so high a chair of instruction, might be passed over as mere proofs of a bad memory ; but here is a deliberate, complicated, and yet flagrant blunder, which so astounded us that it is not without some degree of lingering hesitation that we believe our own eyes while we copy it. Every one at all acquainted with either the history of Johnson, or the history of England, is acquainted with Mr. Windham, the friend of Burke, of Fox, of Pitt, and of Grenville—a distinguished statesman in an age of statesmen—an eloquent orator in the midst of the greatest orators the British senate can boast—a man in all respects among the most conspicuous of his day. Well ! Mr. Windham we all know, amongst his many distinctions, had that of Johnson's friendship, and of having eminently deserved it. To him Johnson when dying gave with his own hand a copy of the New Testament, with this affecting allocution—" *Extremum hoc*

munus morientis habeto;" and to Mr. Windham's generosity he bequeathed a kind of guardianship over the welfare of his poor servant Francis. On this the author remarks—

Thus was Johnson faithful to the last to the poor and friendless, and Mr. Windham no less declared by his willing compliance his own acknowledged manliness of mind.*—p. 490.

To which he subjoins the following note:—

* For example of *this*, see Mr. Windham's published speeches in Parliament, *delivered in the House of "Cinabs,"* (Commons), *under the disguised name of "Gumdahm;"* at least so was it in Dr. Johnson's day. Windham was one of the most eloquent of that respectable body of patriots that leagued together against Sir R. Walpole; who, while almost all the men of wit and genius opposed him, is said to have paid in vain above fifty thousand pounds to paltry scribblers in his defence.—*ib.*

And then he proceeds to extract some anecdotes of this Mr. Windham-Gumdahm, from the "*Memoirs of his intimate friend, Mr. Wilberforce.*" Our youngest readers partake our astonishment. The author, they see, imagines that Burke's, Johnson's, and Wilberforce's friend, Mr. Windham, who died in 1811, was no other than Sir William Wyndham, the friend of Pope, Swift, and Bolingbroke, who died in 1740—and that Mr. Windham's speeches in the *Times* and the *Morning Post* were the same that had been published sixty years before in the *Gentleman's Magazine* as the orations of *Gumdahm*, in the *House of Cinabs*, in the parliament of Lilliput!!!

We invite our readers to think over what a mass and complication of blunders and ignorance of English politics and literature these paragraphs reveal, and what we are to think of the sagacity and reading of an author who imagines that the tory baronet of Queen Anne's reign was the whig statesman of George the Third's.

All these blunders are, however, so obvious, and of course so innocuous, that we should not have thought them nor the volume which enshrines them worth our particular notice, but for a gross, and we fear an intentional, misrepresentation of an important point in what is avowed to be the chief topic of the reverend author's work—the religious feelings of Dr. Johnson.

The writer, with his systematic see-saw of quotations, can be wholly consistent on no subject; but he generally does Dr. Johnson the justice of representing him as a steadfast, devout, and affectionate member of the Church of England;—it would seem that this was what he mainly desired to inculcate; and, by closely following Boswell, he substantially adheres to that text, till at the last moment he is pleased to revive a couple of silly sectarian fables—to the effect that Dr. Johnson in his dying moments, though attended by two near and dear friends, clergymen of the established church, endeavored to obtain more religious comfort from two other persons, one a Mr. Latrobe, a

dissenter, and the other one Mr. Winstanley, a clergyman who seems to have been thought of for some peculiarity in his opinions different from those of Johnson's own religious attendants. Both these stories, besides being in themselves flagrantly absurd, were completely refuted by Mr. Croker in his edition of Boswell, and by ourselves in our review of Hannah More's *Letters* (*Q. Rev.*, vol. lii. p. 431;) but when, after having been thus demolished, they are brought forth again—and one of them with an additional falsehood—by an author who professes to be at once a strenuous churchman and a sincere admirer of Dr. Johnson's religious feelings, it becomes a duty to repeat the denial and expose over again the imposture.

We need not again enter into the details of these pious frauds, but, as regards this reproduction of them, we must observe, in the first place, that this writer—after professing (p. vii.) that he will adopt "*no Johnsoniana*," nor any less authentic work than Boswell's, and that only (he adds) in Croker's last edition (the single volume 8vo.)—reproduces these two "*anecdotes*" without a hint that they are, *in the volume he professes to follow*, denounced as certainly and manifestly untrue. This is not merely a *suppressio veri*—it is a *suggestio falsi*—as if Boswell and Croker had taken the same view of these stories that he does; Boswell not having dreamt of them, and Croker having exposed and stigmatized them; but he does worse—much worse. The very fabricators of the *first* story were forced to confess its failure. The authority for the *second* was an anonymous extract of an anonymous letter, found by Hannah More's executors amongst the mass of her papers, and by them published—judiciously and unwarrantably—in her correspondence, but without any pretence that she had any concern whatsoever with the paper, nor any proof that she believed or had even ever seen it. In short, Hannah More, even on her sapient editor's own showing, had no more to do with any portion of the affair than the Queen of Sheba. But then comes our present author—a professed admirer of Dr. Johnson—who, with all the facts before his eyes, and seeing that the original fable is untenable, boldly discards all minor machinery—and at once attributes the anonymous letter to *Hannah More's* own pen—"Hannah More tells us," (p. 497;) and then repeats the whole Winstanley story as "*told to Hannah More*" by the original authority, and *by her again related*, (p. 498.) This extravagant misrepresentation is made with so much detail, and the authority of Hannah More is produced and reproduced with so much confidence, that it is difficult to attribute it to mere blundering—and what renders all this more curious is, that the writer adds a note, which, to an ordinary reader, would look like an authentication of the story, stating that *he himself* is the great grandson of this very Mr. Winstanley, the hero of the "*anecdote.*" Whether this circumstance had such an effect on the author's *amour propre* as to blind him to the inconsistencies of the story and to the bad faith of the evidence on which he supports

it, we do not presume to say. We can only lay the facts before the public.

Our readers no doubt would be glad to know who the writer is who has contrived to distinguish himself by such stupendous blunders. He is certainly a curiosity, and quite as worthy of individual exhibition as any author in Madame Tussaud's Temple of Fame. As he has chosen to wear a mask—or at least a half mask—like a king at a masquerade who fancies that every one must recognize him, we will not undertake to name him positively, but we think that we may venture to look for some traces of his identity in "Doctor Hookwell." The hero *en second* of that work is a certain *Reverend Reginald Armitage*, a young clergyman of great learning, talents, and accomplishment :—

A young man of considerable parts, but of a reserved and *bashful* demeanor. Those who knew him intimately, loved him as *their own souls*. His charity knew no bounds, and thus he won the hearts of the poor, while his *name* and station introduced him into the best society. [With] his *natural sweetness* of disposition and his freedom from narrowness of feeling, it cannot be said that he belonged to any party or faction in the church, for he worked alone in *his own little vineyard*. His quiet, earnest, sincere style, like the speaking of Sir Samuel Romilly, was not only acceptable but *captivating*. * * * *

A kinder soul [said his poorer neighbors] never breathed life; and what a *power of learning and goodness* that young man takes to his share!—*Dr. Hookwell*, vol. i., pp. 22, 88.

As we see that the chief character of the novel affects to be a portrait from the life, and is so near an approach to the real name, we are led to a suspicion that the second character may be similarly adumbrated, and that this same *Reverend Reginald Armitage* may be intended to indicate as the kind-hearted, learned, liberal, eloquent, and, above all, reserved and bashful author of *Dr. Hookwell*—a *Reverend Robert Armitage*, who we see in the clergy list is rector of Much Wenlock in Shropshire.

Such an extravagance of panegyric seems at first sight to negative the possibility of its being published by a modest and retiring country clergyman as his own portrait, but, on the other hand, the hypothesis receives a strong confirmation from a more recent and very curious circumstance. The same "author of *Dr. Hookwell*" has lately published a volume on *The Primitive Church in its Episcopacy*, of the body of which work we do not venture to give any detailed opinion, for we must confess that, not expecting to find him better acquainted with Ignatius and Polycarp than he is with Regicide Pryne and Gundahm of the Clinabs, we have not cut open the leaves; but in the hasty glance we have taken of it it seems to us to be, like "*Dr. Hookwell*" and "*The Life of Johnson*," a farrago of confused and contradictory excerpts from the most opposite sources. We see quoted with, it seems, equal satisfaction, Hoadly and Beveridge, Gladstone and Mac Neil,

Venn and Newman, Hampden and Pusey—in short, everybody from every side—with a sort of universal complaisance only to be accounted for by Louis Blanc's explanation of Lamartine's general panegyrics—that he flatters everybody in hopes that everybody may flatter him. But the Reverend R. Armitage's brave thirst of praise is too strong to wait for the slow returns of literary gratitude, and he accordingly produces from "his own little vineyard," a draught of eulogy more luscious, and evidently more intoxicating, than he could hope to receive from any other, however friendly, hand. To his "*Essay on the Primitive Church*," he has added eight supplemental pages of—what will our readers guess?—of newspaper puffs on *Dr. Hookwell*. We must find room for a few specimens of these curiosities of literature. Heretofore we have had to lament that booksellers and publishers have recourse to these arts; this, we believe, is the first time when an author has amalgamated such unworthy trash with his own work—a work, too, on so grave a subject as the "*Primitive Church*."

Birmingham Advertiser.—The pages of *Dr. Hookwell* have met with the public approval of Sir Robert Peel.—*Primitive Church*, p. 277.

Amidst Sir Robert Peel's various panegyrics on Free Traders, that on this extensive free trader in literature has escaped us.

Morning Post.—*Eminently pleasing in style*, instinct with a full and observant love of nature, character in its various human shades, as well as in its religious varieties, the author treats with a ready and masculine perception.—*ib.*, p. 277.

Chester Courant, Oct. 4.—We shall consider it a public duty to extract portions of this *very superior* production. Such a work has not, we think, appeared for some time past on so stirring a subject. *Thousands*, we are convinced, will read *Dr. Hookwell*, and benefit thereby; *it will disarm many of the enemies* of the church, and render others stronger and firmer in her defence, through the noble sentiments, authorities, and truths scattered through these *splendid volumes*.—*ib.*, p. 279.

Cumberland Packet, October.—This work is evidently from the pen of a *most acute observer*, a sincere, zealous, and powerful advocate of the church, and in all that belongs to an *intelligent mind*, a *distinguished ornament*.—*ib.*, p. 279.

Oxford British Queen.—It was said that Lord John Manners, or Mr. M. Milnes, M. P., had written it; but some *spoke of a rural clergyman, walking with Wordsworth as his daily companion*. Dr. Jelf says it is just the book for the age, *erudite and eloquent*, lacking quaintness and archaism of expression. It is marvellous how every anecdote of *Dr. Hookwell* has reached Oxford, and the new novel about him is *devoured with absolute enthusiasm*.—*ib.*, 280.

Oxford British Queen.—Of this seasonable and excellent work our *praise must be unqualified*. Its principles are put forward in a spirit of firmness, moderation, and candor, and in such language as may, *without a semblance of flattery*, be termed argumentative, eloquent, and affectionate.—*ib.*, p. 280.

Bath Herald, July 1.—*All the world* seem to have been reading the new work entitled *Dr.*

Hookwell; and we hear that it is likely to meet with a great demand from America. The author is so fascinating a writer as to have met the warmest welcome from the fashionable world of the metropolis as well as the *élite* of the provinces. The work will doubtless continue to be read by thousands, and seems especially to be adapted for the perusal of the country gentlemen of England.—*ib.*, p. 280.

Salopian Journal.—The new novel of Dr. Hookwell is a work of extraordinary genius. The author is not known, but as Dr. Johnson said of Pope, he must soon be *déterré*. The talented and zealous party in the House of Commons, called Young England, take this as their text-book.—*ib.*, p. 281.

Liverpool Mail.—It is impossible to do anything like fair justice to the consummate ability of this work in the columns of a newspaper, for it certainly is the most useful and extraordinary production of the age, and if ever we envied temper and talent in any one, it is in the eloquent and erudite author of Dr. Hookwell. With the argumentative power of a Gladstone, the eloquence and fervor of a M'Neil, the soundness and safety of a Gresley, and the captivating, but far from wholesome, manner of a Bulwer, this work comes forth to shame the frivolous and fashionable, and to eclipse in interest and power the best works of the present day. Persons who do not read it will soon find themselves in an isolated position.—*ib.*, p. 278, &c., &c., &c.

Notwithstanding the industry with which these paragraphs were scattered through the press of distant localities, and the art with which the book was recommended to different classes of purchasers, like a quack medicine that is to cure all complaints, or a quack sauce that is to suit every taste—notwithstanding, we say, this superficial diversity, it is evident—at least if we have any skill in distinguishing style or phraseology—that they are all from the same hand, and we add, with almost equal confidence, that of the bashful author himself!—Surely there is only one author alive who, to such blunders as we have specially noted, could add that of quoting Samuel Johnson as predicting the celebrity of Pope! But even if some other hand had been hired to make these daubs, there is still no escape from the conclusive fact, that by thus collecting and republishing (under his own pagination) all this obsolete and nauseous trash—whether *Armitage* be a pseudonym or his real name—whether he be a *beau idéal* of a modest parish priest, or the bashful rector of Much Wenlock in his own proper person—"the author of Dr. Hookwell" has adopted and incurred the responsibility—the ridicule—and, let us add, the discredit of endeavoring to palm off a very trite and deceptive species of book-manufacture by a most original and impudent system of puffing.

We are sorry to have had to make such an exposure of a man who, apart from the morbid excess of vanity which has evidently led him into this scrape, may be, for aught we know, worthy and amiable. His exposure, however, is on his own head. He has ostentatiously and pertinaciously forced his ignorance, conceit, and effort-

ery on public notice—and our part has been little more than to record, in his own words, the manner in which he has done so.

From the Examiner, 29 June.

THE POPE AND THE NEW MIRACLE.

WE have to make known to our readers that miracles are now in season, and have been of late industriously hawked about in sundry corners of the world. Friends of the Pope are crying them at Rimini, where they are supplied daily by a picture of the Virgin; while at the same time, some Protestants in England, who most hate the Pope, are working opposition wonders through the good office of St. Martin called le Grand.

For details of the deeds at Rimini, our readers may consult the *Tablet*. That journal, which is conducted with ability, justly enjoys the confidence of intelligent and earnest Roman Catholics; and its publication of Saturday, June 22, 1850, contains a very long leading article entitled "*The Miracle of the Blessed Virgin at Rimini*," which we commend to the attention of all reflecting people. There they will find that on the evening of Saturday, May 11th, 1850, in a chapel of the little church of Saint Clare, belonging to the Fathers Missioners of the precious Blood, a slight movement was observed to have taken place in the eyes, until then directed heavenward, upon a picture of the Virgin Mary. On the next day, however, being Sunday, a large concourse was assembled, and the picture was then seen to be in energetic action, "opening, shutting, raising, and bending the eyes every moment;" or, in plain words, winking furiously. The people were enthusiastic. The glass and frame were removed; and it was found that still the winking went on "under all atmospheric changes." Multitudes thronged into the chapel. The Austrian general came express from Bologna to Rimini; and two Austrian officers, previously infidels, were "looked at in such sort" by the Madonna, (Mr. Dickens' *Sim Tappetit* was nothing to her,) that they tore off their decorations, and "by offering them as *ex votis*" to the church, so became reconciled to Christianity. The bishop of a neighboring city, Cesena, "gazed at by the miraculous Madonna," fell into a trance for five minutes; and in those five minutes "was able to contemplate the seven joys of Paradise." All joys befell a bishop. Furthermore:

The graces obtained, both in the moral and physical world, have been most wonderful. Our authority specifies two as incontestable—1. The instantaneous cure of a man who, for twenty years, had been afflicted with hernia. 2. That of a young girl, aged seven, who, in consequence of long disease, had lost the sight of an eye, but has had it instantaneously and perfectly restored. Other letters state that the blind receive their sight, wounds disappear instantaneously, the deaf receive their hearing, &c. The emotion is general throughout the city, blasphemies are no longer heard, and notorious sinners have publicly ex-

pressed their repentance. Rimini was the country of blasphemy—blasphemy has ceased there. That city is no longer what it was on May 11th. Many infidels approached the Madonna with the fixed determination of saying that it was an idle tale, but they saw and confessed the reality of the prodigy. * * * The enemies of religion agitate themselves, but the Virgin, by one glance of her eyes, turns all their scheming into folly.

Good men heretofore have been warmed to pious chivalry by contemplating the mild glances of the Virgin; the dissolute and the infidel now find her winking at them, and so they also are enticed into her service. Of course "the precious offerings pour in, gold and silver, and whatever is of most price." The congregation of bishops and regulars have also laid the whole affair formally before the Pope.

On the 18th, the picture was conveyed processsionally from the church of St. Clare to the altar of St. Philomena, in the great church of St. Augustine; and, during the procession, the miraculous appearances continued to be witnessed, amidst the acclamations of thousands of spectators. All the houses in the streets through which the procession passed were richly and lavishly adorned. On the evening of the following day, the Bishop of Rimini, (Mgr. Leziroli,) having approached very near the picture, the Madonna "looked at him, and he experienced such emotion that he fainted away." An official report of the event had been forwarded by the governor, during the bishop's absence, to Rome. On receipt of this document, his holiness, by the medium of the congregation of bishops and regulars, ordered the bishop to draw up an exact narrative of all that had passed. This narrative accordingly was drawn up by his lordship, forwarded to the secretaryship of state—from thence to the congregation of bishops and regulars, and by them laid before the holy father. As it confirmed the original report of the governor, and the various private evidence, the sovereign pontiff ordered the bishop to proceed to a juridical inquiry. This will be laid before the sacred congregation of rites, which is empowered to pronounce on these subjects, and which was summoned in 1799 to examine the similar facts which took place at Ancona and other places. With such prudence does the church proceed in deciding on all events of this kind; such self-possession and caution reign in all the determinations with which she guides the faith of her children.

The poor Pope! It is not difficult, one sees, to get at the secret of the miracle, by simply observing the part he is about to play in it.

Rimini already is converted; the sacred picture has stared down its infidelity. The spirit of inquiry which infects our age tended to injure that most profitable portion of the Roman Catholic church government—its earthly power. In all parts of the world the number has increased of men who hold the principles of Roman Catholic belief, and yet withhold their sympathy from any grossness in its practice. The Mother Church has now such men, and scoffers, for its sheep and goats; the mediæval Catholic, together with the fine old English gentleman, being two characters

"all of the olden time." Thus, therefore, it happened, that the present Pope began his rule in the true spirit of the nineteenth century, soon to find himself encumbered with the institutions of the thirteenth. These having been transmitted to him by his predecessors, he felt bound to hand them down intact; whereupon he discovered that he was in the position of an artist who has taken brush in hand to paint a blue sky to his landscape, considering himself at the same time sworn to employ yellow ochre for the purpose. He must break his vow or spoil his picture. Alas, poor Pope! It was the most pitiable of alternatives, and every one knows what followed. He abandoned his endeavor in despair, and mixes now his colors as the priests direct. The priests desire full domination for the priesthood. They demand a revival of religion in its ancient glory of processions, offerings, and a blind trust in themselves. They therefore begin with a *miracle* quite coarse enough to be in harmony with all the rest of their designs.

The miracle is quite appropriate. It is but natural that one automaton should help another. We trust that the success of this attempt will induce the spiritual proprietors to cater for the public on a larger scale. After all, a picture with movable eyes may not delight adults more than about three times as long a doll with the same accomplishment would please a child. It may turn out to be no more than a nine days' wonder. What should follow? On receipt of a cardinal's hat we shall be happy to send to Rome the present address of a gentleman who owns a wax-work exhibition, (not Madame Tussaud's,) in which there is a machine so far superior to that which has converted Rimini, that we believe it to be the real thing to send out to Jerusalem—the perfect substitute for missionary labor. It is the figure, in wax, of a child in its cradle, which not only opens, shuts, and rolls its eyes, but rises in its bed and cries "mamma!" Place this in Saint Peter's under a picture of the Virgin; call it an infant Jesus; and then Amen to the Reformation. Wonderful to think how easily thus to be disposed of are all the reasonable and pious forms of the Christian faith, as well as the freedom, charity, and love which its Divine Founder died to secure to us!

FAITH IN THE VIRGIN MARY ALONE AT ONE TIME.—Christ showed to St. Peter "that his fayth, that is to wete the fayth by him confessed, sholde never fayle in his chyrch, nor never dyd it, not with standyng his denyeng. For yet stode styll the lyght of fayth in our Lady, without fleyng or flytting. And in all other we fynde eyther fleyng from hym one tyme or other, or ellys doute of his resurreccyon after his deth, his dere mother onely excepte; for the sygnifycacion and remembraunce wherof the Chyrche yerely in the Tenebre lessons levyth her candell burnyng styll, when all the remenaunt, that sygnyfyeth his apostles and dysciples, be one by one put out."—SIR THOMAS MOORE'S *Dialogue*, ff. 33.

From the Examiner, 22d June.

SUPPLY OF COTTON.

THE House of Commons was occupied for seven hours on Tuesday with the cotton question. Much irrelevancy was spoken. A great deal was said about the condition of the Indian peasantry; about Indian finance, about Indian landed tenures, and about Indian justice or injustice; but unfortunately very little to the purpose about cotton. Some gentlemen spoke for an hour, and very well too, without even naming cotton at all. Mr. Newdegate charged the failure of the production of Indian cotton for the home manufacture, to the removal of the discriminating duty of one halfpenny in the pound; and he was for relieving the Manchester manufacturers by reimposing the duty, forgetting that the Indian cotton had the full benefit of the aforesaid halfpenny for thirty years and upwards, without advancing—nor has it fallen off since its removal. Sir James Hogg recommended to the merchants of Manchester to make liberal advances to the Indian peasantry for their bad cotton; but we are disposed to believe that the sagacious men of Manchester, however disposed they might be to bow to the legal opinion of the learned gentleman, will place but small reliance on his commercial or agricultural notions. Exaggerated statement characterized the speeches on both sides. The advocates of the government made the state of India a good deal better than it is, and its opponents a great deal worse. The truth, as usual in such cases, lay midway. The greater part of India has, nearly since the commencement of our sovereignty, been as secure from foreign invasion as the British islands themselves—Bengal for a whole century, Madras for sixty years, and most of the Bombay territory for thirty. Population has been in most instances doubled throughout; wealth has kept pace with it; nor has the reward of the laboring poor been diminished. This is pretty nearly the sum of what can be safely predicated. To ameliorate materially the condition of a people, driven by the misgovernment of ages to live and multiply on twopence a day, must be the work of time. Mr. Bright's Royal Commission was, of course, consigned by common consent to the tomb; but upon the whole the discussion to which the honorable member for Manchester's motion gave rise was valuable, and showed that Parliament has made some advance in its acquaintance with India.

India cannot furnish Britain with a great supply of cheap and good cotton. The experiment has been very fairly tried for the thirty-six years which have elapsed from 1814 to the present time—and failed. Indian cotton forms now, as it did thirty years ago, in quantity about one tenth, and in value about one twentieth, part of our consumption. American cotton has increased in the same time to the enormous amount of seven hundred millions of pounds; and by it is maintained a manufacture of the value of some 50,000,000*l.*, through which subsists, directly or indirectly, at least one sixth part of the population of the empire. Now all this has been effected under a fall price from 18*d.* a pound down to 6*d.*; but American skill and industry, with boundless fertile land and no rent, have proved a sufficient compensation; and American profits from cotton cultivation are as good at 6*d.* a pound as they were at 18*d.*;—indeed, as they were occasionally at 2*s.* American cotton has improved in quality as well as in quantity. Not so Indian; what it was when first imported, near sixty years ago, and what it

probably was in the time of Alexander the Great, or even of the great legislator Menu, so it is at this day. The weaver who wove Menu's robe had to free his raw material of 25 per cent. of sheer dirt; and so has the Manchester and Glasgow manufacturer of the article now imported.

While Indian cotton has continued nearly stationary as to quantity, and wholly so as to quality, what has been the result as to commodities really suited to the soil and industry of India! Within the period at which Indian cotton was first imported, entire new branches of industry have sprung up, which have found no difficulty in commanding an abundant, and sometimes indeed a superabundant, application of capital. Thus the manufacture of indigo fit for the European market was introduced between sixty and seventy years ago by some West India planters; and at its Indian value just now, it amounts to not less than 3,000,000*l.* Some sixty years ago the opium trade of Bengal was hardly known, or at least it was of small importance, and that of central India was not known to Europeans even by name. Of recent years both have advanced with unparalleled rapidity, and are not at present of less value than the indigo, viz., 3,000,000*l.* About the commencement of the system of free trade in 1814, European skill discovered a new process for elaborating an useful scarlet dye from the wax of the Lac insect, chiefly the product of the Indian forests; and this article, now a substitute for the expensive cochineal, is manufactured to the annual value of 500,000*l.*, not to mention the lac or gum, the refuse of the process, very extensively consumed in some of our manufactures. Besides these staples, freedom and moderate freights have introduced several new although minor Indian commodities, such as hides and horns, jut, a species of corchorus largely used as a cheap substitute for hemp, oil seeds to a great extent, pearl sago, antimony, and others of which the aggregate value cannot well be less than another half million. So that in this manner, while hopes only have been entertained for the great indigenous staple of India, cotton, a number of new products suited to the condition of Indian industry, to the yearly value of 7,000,000*l.*, have been called into existence.

Let us, for a moment, refer to the causes which have led to the failure in producing cotton, contrasted with our success in those other branches of industry. The culture of a cotton fitted to our manufactures demands, so far as the processes of agriculture are concerned, a great deal of care and skill, to which Indian industry is unequal. This is a branch of industry in which no European has ever engaged without loss. The heavy rent, though inevitably incident to a very populous country, is a sufficient obstacle with a rude product, in the production of which there is no great amount of manipulation, and no application of machinery, save in the mere separation of the seed from the wool. In addition to these causes, the opinions of two eminent and experienced botanists, who have specially attended to the subject, Doctors Wallich and Royle, deserve attention. These high authorities are distinctly of opinion that the climate and seasons of continental India are unsuited to the successful growth of all the better varieties of the cotton plant.

In those countries of India in which the soil is the richest, the inhabitants the most improved, and the wages of labor the lowest, that is, in the lower Gangetic provinces, cotton for home use is largely produced; but there is none for exportation. On

the contrary, these provinces import it from the poorer and less populous countries of the south and west; and have been doing so, as a great Indian authority, the late Henry Colebrooke, informs us, for at least seventy years.

China, it may be added, is in the same state with these Gangetic provinces, being as populous, if not more so. Now China has been a great cotton-growing country for many ages, and the people are scarcely less generally clad in cotton fabrics than the Hindus themselves. Let us suppose, however, that they consume only to one half the value, or at the rate of 5s. for each individual of three hundred millions; leaving the remaining estimated seventy millions for the inhabitants of the northern provinces, clothed for the most part in fabrics of wool or hair; and we shall have for China a consumption of cotton cloths of the value of 50,000,000*l.*, which is probably equal in value to our own. But the raw material in China, with far more agricultural and mechanical skill than India, and wages not higher for the work done, is so expensive, in consequence of the pressure of rent, that China is an importing country in this article, as, indeed, it is in nearly every rude product of the soil. It is not, however, to be supposed that, like us, it depends for its chief supply on external sources. On the contrary, it is well ascertained that the cotton which it receives from India, from Siam, and other countries, forms but a trifling fraction of its whole consumption, the foreign material never reaching beyond a few of the maritime districts.

The supply of cotton for our use from India, then, is, to be quite plain, in our opinion, far more likely to decrease, and this in the proportion that India becomes better governed, and consequently more populous. It would not have been reasonable in us to have expected sixty years ago that Britain, growing in wealth and commerce, was to become a great corn-exporting country, simply because, at that time, Britain exported a little wheat; neither is it reasonable in us now to expect that India is to become a great cotton-exporting country, when India is moving, although more slowly, in the same direction with ourselves, merely because India at present exports dribblets of bad cotton to England and to China.

But, although it would be foolish and uncalculating to rely on India for a great supply of good cotton, it by no means follows that it is either necessary or expedient that we should rely wholly on the southern states of the American Union. We need not. We have territories of our own, with abundance of fertile and unrented land, perfectly well adapted to produce cotton of every requisite quality, and with climates unquestionably more congenial to the plant than any part of the territory of the American Union, throughout all of which the winter kills the plant, and forbids the possibility, when it is desirable, of a second crop. In British Guiana and our Antilles we have about 112,000 square miles of territory, much of which is well suited to the growth of cotton, although comparatively little to the growth of the sugar-cane. They contain a population, exceeding 700,000, which can entertain no prejudice to the mild, easy, and to them obsolete cultivation of cotton, as they do to the severe and slave-reminiscent culture of the cane, and manufacture of sugar. We must really hear no more of scarcity of labor, since the West Indians are now known to waste it, as the Irish do their potatoes. Sugar-growing in Bengal has been just as disastrous to the planters of Bengal,

with 500 inhabitants to the square mile, and wages at twopence a day, as to any of the complaining planters of the West Indies. Both had alike carried on their business by bounties paid out of the pockets of the people of England; and as there is an end to this forever, they must direct their industry and capital to legitimate channels. The British West India islands, down to 1790, furnished the largest supply of cotton wool to our manufacturers. Guiana, when taken possession by us from the Dutch, hardly furnished anything else than cotton. By the operation of the protection to sugar and coffee, this legitimate branch of agricultural industry in the West Indies, after Guiana and Trinidad have been added to them, has dropped down to about one tenth part of what it was half a century ago. We recommend to the merchants of Manchester to sail from east to west, and although, as the companions of Magellan did, they may lose a day, (the latter not in idle talk,) they will be gainers in the long run by the change of course. The people of Jamaica have already, we observe by the last arrival, actually commenced the cotton culture; and we heartily wish them all success, for their own sakes as well as for that of the uneasy men of Manchester.

From the Spectator.

AMERICAN FACTORIES IN IRELAND.

A CORRESPONDENT of the *Morning Post* makes the announcement, that "the American cotton-growers are about to establish factories in the West of Ireland"—a prospect which opens to his protectionist fancy a pleasant vista of ruin to the "capital of the kingdom of cotton, Manchester."

"The American manufacturers have long felt, that whilst wages were so high in America they struggled in vain against British manufacturers; labor of all sorts being fully fifty per cent. higher in America than in England. The southern slave-owners, exerting themselves in Congress in favor of their British allies, have prevented that protective duty being laid on that would make up for this heavy item of expense in manufacture, and place them on an equality with foreigners. Hence, the manufacturers languish or exist only successfully where slave-labor is applied. They perceive that it will be in future as cheap to transport cotton to Galway, Limerick, or Sligo, as to carry it to New York, Boston, or Philadelphia; whilst the labor required to manufacture it in the West of Ireland will be nearly forty per cent. less than at Manchester, and the vast water-power existing everywhere will enable them to dispense with the costly steam-power British manufacture depends upon. The amount of water-power in the West of Ireland is prodigious. Alexander Nimmo, an eminent Scotch engineer, calculated that the water-power which flowed idly to the sea at Galway would suffice to turn all the machinery of Glasgow; and there is little doubt that the Corrib and its tributaries possess a power, now useless, equal to all the steam-power of Lancashire. Influenced by these considerations, the American manufacturers have determined to contend on Irish soil with Manchester for the possession of the British markets all over the globe; and with their intelligence, enterprise, and capital, and with the free action the present British tariff and navigation-laws afford them, there is little doubt, in so favorable a locality

as the West of Ireland, they will do so without eminent success."

A PROTECTIONIST Nemesis is prophesied in the form of the most singular invasion ever threatened to Great Britain—an invasion of American manufacturers, who are to set up factories in the West of Ireland, to compete with the factories of Lancashire, and to secure a larger consumption of American cotton: and the *Morning Post* is pleased with the idea! How a protectionist writer can believe or relish the project, we do not understand.

It is not practicable. Ireland is said to be rich in water-power; but even now water-power cannot rival steam-power, because it is precarious and cumbersome; and it will become less and less able to cope with its more artificial rival, because that is far more open to rapidly succeeding improvements. Where water-power is used in Lancashire, it is often eked out with steam-power; but that implies a region of coal, and a neighborhood of iron. It is not every district which can become a Lancashire. Again, the effective use of water-power, which cannot be greatly divided, implies a population scattered rather than otherwise; which is not a condition favorable to factory labor under present forms of society, because, with a scattered population, the supply of skilled labor must be precarious and high-priced. The effective use of water-power, therefore, implies high wages. But indeed, effective factory labor implies high wages for a reason perfectly independent of "supply and demand"—the labor must be effective; to which end the laborers must be in a perfectly effective state as tools, and highly-conditioned tools are expensive. In certain rooms of a factory, for instance, the hands must have delicately-tipped fingers; which cannot be unless the hands are fed up to a certain state of healthy fullness. It is daily becoming clearer to the understanding, that an effective factory system is incompatible with low-priced labor; so that the wild project threatened by our contemporary is in its very nature a dream.

But were it practicable and true, how is it that we find a protectionist advocating the wholesale invasion of foreign enterprise, this competition with "native industry," this encouragement of low wages, this British substitute for "slave labor!" The oblivion of principles is as striking a part of the dream as any.

From the Spectator.

GREAT DIAMOND.

At last has arrived safely in England that celebrated Eastern gem, the Koh-i-noor diamond, which came into British possession by the annexation of the kingdom of Lahore to our Indian dominions. It has been brought home from Bombay, in the *Medea* steam-sloop, by Colonel Mackeson, political agent, and Captain Ramsay, military secretary of the Indian governor-general. The *Times* has devoted a leading article to the history and adventures of this unrivalled jewel.

The Koh-i-noor, or "Mountain of Light," was discovered in the mines of Golconda at the time (1550) when the region of that name constituted the kingdom of Kootub Shah, under the suzerainty of the Mogul emperor, Shah Jemaum, father of the great Aurungzebe. Shah Jemaum was a most acute connoisseur in gems: it is related that after

his deposition, and while in captivity, his successor submitted to his judgment the genuineness of a certain ruby in the imperial treasury which had been discredited, and his decision was received as beyond appeal. A scarcely inferior judge of such matters in those days was Meer Jumla, the prime minister of the King of Golconda; and the Mogul Emperor and the King of Golconda having fallen out, the treacherous Meer Jumla forsook his master, contributed to his overthrow, and by the bribe of the Koh-i-noor obtained from the conquering Mogul the vacant throne. Thus the gem passed from Golconda to Delhi; and at Delhi, in 1665, it was seen by the privileged eyes of the French traveller Tavernier, in the hands of Aurungzebe himself. "The Great Mogul sat on his throne of state, while the chief keeper of the jewels produced his treasures for inspection on two golden dishes. The magnificence of the collection was indescribable, but conspicuous in lustre, esteem, and value was the Koh-i-noor.

"Sometimes worn on the person of the Moguls, sometimes adorning the famous peacock throne, this inestimable gem was safely preserved at Delhi, until, in 1739, the empire received its fatal blow from the invasion of Nadir Shah. Among the spoils of conquest which the Persian warrior carried back with him in triumph to Khorassan, and which have been variously estimated as worth from thirty to ninety millions sterling, the Koh-i-noor was the most precious trophy: but it was destined to pass from Persia as quickly as that ephemeral supremacy in virtue of which it had been acquired. Nadir Shah had entertained in his service a body of Afghans of the Abdalle tribe, under the leadership of Ahmed Shah, who also served his master in the capacity of treasurer; and when the Persian conqueror was assassinated by his subjects, the Afghans, after vainly endeavoring to rescue or avenge him, fought their way to their own frontiers, though only 4,000 strong, through the hosts of the Persian army. In conducting this intrepid retreat, Ahmed Shah carried off with him the treasures in his possession; and was probably aided by these means as well as by his own valor in consolidating the new state which, under the now familiar title of the Doorannee Empire, he speedily created in Cabul. It seemed as if the Koh-i-noor carried with it the sovereignty of Hindostan; for the conquests of Ahmed were as decisive as those of Nadir, and it was by his nomination and patronage that the last emperor ascended the throne of the Moguls."

With the overthrow of the Doorannee monarchy by the consolidated power of the Sikhs, under Runjeet Singh, the jewel passed to a new master. Shah Shuja, of Cabul, was the last chief of the Abdallee dynasty who possessed it; and the mode of its transfer to Runjeet Singh is one of the most characteristic incidents in Eastern history. Shah Shuja was a fugitive from Cabul, under the equivocal protection of the Sikh chief. "Runjeet Singh was fully competent either to the defence or the restoration of the fugitive; but he knew or suspected the treasure in his possession, and his mind was bent upon acquiring it. He put the shah under strict surveillance, and made a formal demand for the jewel. The Doorannee prince hesitated, prevaricated, temporized, and employed all the artifices of Oriental diplomacy; but in vain. Runjeet redoubled the stringency of his measures; and at length, the 1st of June, 1813, was fixed as the day when the great diamond of the Moguls

should be surrendered by the Abdalle chief to the ascendant dynasty of the Singhs. The two princes met in a room appointed for the purpose, and took their seats on the ground. A solemn silence then ensued, which continued unbroken for an hour. At length Runjeet's impatience overcame the suggestions of Asiatic decorum, and he whispered to an attendant to quicken the memory of the shah. The exiled prince spoke not a word in reply, but gave a signal with his eyes to a eunuch in attendance; who, retiring for a moment, returned with a small roll, which he set down upon the carpet midway between the two chiefs. Again a pause followed; when, at a sign from Runjeet, the roll was unfolded, and there, in its matchless and unspeakable brilliancy, glittered the Koh-i-noor.

"Excepting the somewhat doubtful claim of the Brazilian stone among the crown jewels of Portugal, the Koh-i-noor is the largest known diamond in the world. When first given to Shah Jehan it was still uncut; weighing, it is said, in that rough state, nearly 800 carats, which were reduced by the unskilfulness of the artist to 279, its present weight. It was cut by Hortensio Borgis, a Venetian; who, instead of receiving a remuneration for his labor, was fined 10,000 rupees for his wastefulness, by the enraged Mogul. In form it is 'rose-cut'—that is to say, it is cut to a point in a series of small faces, or 'facets,' without any tabular surface. A good general idea may be formed of its shape and size by conceiving it as the pointed half of a small hen's egg, though it is said not to have risen more than half an inch from the gold setting in which it was worn by Runjeet. Its value is scarcely computable, though two millions sterling has been mentioned as a justifiable price if calculated by the scale employed in the trade. The Pitt diamond, brought over from Madras by the grandfather of Lord Chatham, and sold to the Regent Orleans in 1717 for 125,000*l.*, weighs scarcely 130 carats; nor does the great diamond which supports the eagle on the summit of the Russian sceptre weigh as much as 200."

From the Tribune.

FREE SCHOOLS WANTED IN OHIO.

THE Secretary of State in Ohio, in his late report on Public Schools, gives the following extract from the returns of the superintendent of Ashtabula Co. They consist of questions proposed to candidates for the office of teachers, with their answers as given in writing. We give them as curiosities merely:

First Question.—Write the definition of education.

Answers.—Restoring the mind. Noaladg. Knowledge learned from books. Form of the mind. Formation of manners. Instruction of children. Forms the common mind. Art of study. Artificial knowledge. Art of learning. Science of school advantages. One great obstacle of the mind. Science of poetry. To get a lesson well and excel in every study. A knowledge of the things of this world, and that of the world to come. Science of knowledge.

Second Question.—Define Omnipotence.

Answers.—Unbelief. Impudent. Power. A superior being always present. Almighty. Pertaining to Deity. Supreme Power. God. Pertaining to God. Supremeness. Greatness. Use-

ful. Hardness of feeling. Reverence. One who formed the world. God. Joy. Peace. Great.

Third Question.—Define Avarice.

Answers.—Forceful. Accessive love of money. Vice. Worldly-minded. Begrudge others' happiness. Begrudging others' wealth. Extensive good. Circular. Superstition. Theft. Hatred. To average.

Fourth Question.—Define Aerial.

Answers.—One who sails in the air. Pertaining to the sun. Something that affects the air. Lower Heavens. Heavenly space. Bright. Aerial light. Cold regions. Heavenly regions. Heavenly. Honor. Songster. Aerial songsters. A circle. The arc of a summit. Debolish.

Fifth Question.—Define Disdain.

Answers.—Gone. Bad character. To submit. To restrain from. To feel above a mean thing.

Sixth Question.—Define Finite.

Answers.—Mean. Good. Infinite. Never ending. All-wise. Appellation of good. Unbounded. Finished. The last. The end. A gloomy situation. Hard. Conclusion. Perfect. The end. Common. Destroyed. Anything that can be defined. With end. Holy.

Seventh Question.—Define Demolish.

Answers.—Devoir. To obliterate. Done. Rage. Raise. Consume.

Eighth Question.—Define Parsimony.

Answers.—Dividing sentences into words. To deal close. To grow smaller. A city. Nice—particular. Estate.

Ninth Question.—Define Terrestrial.

Answers.—Innocent. Beautiful. Heavenly. Round and large. Beautiful. Large. Hateful. Great.

Tenth Question.—Define Delusion.

Answers.—Noise. Ridicule. Destruction. A sort of belief. Blotted out. Something deceiving. Mormonism. A lost being. Anguish. Lead away from the right. In a wrong path. Craze.

Answer to one of the Questions in Grammar.—Sary rits the beste.

Spelling of Proper Names.—Mississourie. Louissanna. Cincinnati. Sioto. Mane. Loosana. Congregrenation. Sioty.

That the cause of the deformities above rests in part with teachers, is inferred from the following:

Copy of a letter received from an applicant for a certificate to teach School.

"May 6.

"Mr. Baly my apologies for not staving till the institute (Teachers' Institute) closes is that my surcumstances would not admit I expect that if I teach I shall not commence till June perhaps I shall not be able to attend your next meeting. I hope it will not make any materal differance. I left an Orthography when I was ther I lent it to a lady to write on and when I lef she had changed her seat it was a blue coverd the name on the blank leaf ——— if you will pleas send it to me it will sav me trouble of buyin an other for it was a borwed one. Miss ———."

No clue to the residence of this correspondent was discovered except the post-mark, where the letter was mailed. It was received in due time by mail, the date above being designated probably for May 6, 1846.

Boundary of Tennessee, (by an applicant under examination.)—On the north by the Ohio river, on the east by the Mississippi, on the south by Kentucky, on the west by Virginia!

From Fraser's Magazine.

THE ISLAND OF CUBA.

THE Cuban expedition had scarcely begun ere it came to an end. One mail apprized us of the sailing of the invaders, the next announced their retreat. We had scarcely recovered from our bewilderment at the wickedness and audacity of the project, ere our surprise was excited by the suddenness of its discomfiture. Never was enterprise at once so unjustifiable in its inception and so inglorious in its termination. Could it be regarded as an isolated fact, detached from other considerations, ridicule would predominate over every other feeling in contemplating it; and it would be consigned to speedy oblivion, as a transaction too insignificant, in this age of grand and stirring events, to attach to itself any historic importance. But we can treat it neither as an accident nor as an independent fact, beginning with and ending in itself. It had a direct connection with circumstances which still exist, and views which are still entertained. The causes which, if they did not originate, at least promoted its growth, are still in active operation; and it is this reflection which attaches a posthumous importance to an event which would otherwise have excited but a momentary interest.

The fate of Cuba has long involved a question of the deepest interest, not only to Spain, but also to the two great Anglo-Saxon powers. Like all questions difficult of adjustment, and affecting interests of the greatest magnitude, it has been left to slumber so long as nothing has occurred to excite the jealousies or the apprehensions of those most interested in its settlement. But although, for some years past, it has seldom obtruded itself into the arena of public discussion, it has nevertheless obtained a considerable share of attention from statesmen on both sides of the Atlantic. An event like that which has just occurred was all that was needed to arouse the public to a consciousness of its importance and difficulties. The Cuban question, in its broader sense, is one which that event did not originate. It shed a temporary light upon it, developing its real character and illustrating its tendencies. The importance of the question does not subside with the defeat of the bandits and the termination of their expedition. That desperate and nefarious project at an end, the question reverts to its former position, with this exception, that the attempt has invested it with additional urgency in the minds of all thinking men, by disclosing the extent to which its dangers are being multiplied by its own natural growth and development. Iniquitous as it was, the expedition will have done some good if it precipitates attention upon the subject, and leads to some speedy understanding in reference to a question, an arrangement on which can only be indefinitely postponed at the cost of additional dangers and difficulties in the way of a final settlement. Recent events have demonstrated the imprudence of much longer leaving the matter to the hazards of

fortune. We have had a lesson read to us, the moral of which we cannot safely overlook; and avoiding, for the moment, the details of the late piratical descent upon the coast of Cuba, we propose to draw the attention of our readers to the connection of that event with the question involved in the fate of the island, to the real bearings of that question, and to the circumstances which chiefly influence it.

The island of Cuba, which, from its extent, position, beauty, and fertility, has been poetically and not inappropriately termed the "Queen of the Antilles," exceeds in length, by fully one third, the entire length of Great Britain. From its easternmost point to its extreme western limit, it measures within a fraction of 800 miles. In width, it at no point attains 130 miles; but its superficial area is about seven eighths that of all England. From one end to the other its surface is varied and undulating; but towards its eastern extremity its undulations swell into bold and lofty hills, which at some points fling down their masses into the sea. Towards the west, and chiefly along the southern coast, there are long belts of swampy lowland, extending between the sea and the higher ground inland. Still further west, there are large flat tracts in the interior, which are extremely fertile, and which with parts of the lowland on the coast form, in the main, the cultivated region of Cuba. But in its most hilly part it is intersected with fine fertile valleys, which, in the hands of an energetic people, would soon be turned to the best account. From its conformation it is evident that Cuba can have no rivers of any magnitude. The greater part of its coast is inaccessible, but it has many points at which it can be safely approached, and can boast of many excellent harbors. Its climate, if not cooler than that of many of the adjacent islands, is, at all events, much more agreeable and salubrious than that of the parts of the continent to which it lies contiguous. It produces none of the ordinary grain crops, sugar being its chief product. It also produces cotton, but generally of an inferior quality to the best American. But this may arise from cotton cultivation having been comparatively but little attended to, Cuba possessing sea-coast tracts, on which cotton equal to the finest sea-island, might apparently be grown.

Such is the island which, for three centuries and a half, has submitted to the dominion of the crown of Spain. Discovered by Columbus during his first voyage, it was not formally colonized for nearly twenty years afterwards. The Anglo-Saxon race owe much to Cuba for having preserved for them the most valuable regions of the continent. Columbus sailed along its southern coast under the impression that it was part of the continent. The perseverance of a few hours more in a westerly course would have enabled him to double its westernmost point, when Spanish conquest and settlement would have taken a northerly direction, instead of that which it immediately afterwards assumed. This left the whole region

between the Gulf of Mexico and the St. Lawrence to be afterwards striven for by the French and English—a struggle, the results of which will soon place the English race in undisputed possession of the entire continent. The first Spanish settlement of the island was made in 1511, from which time it began to feel that system of grinding tyranny to which the foreign possessions of Spain were ever subjected, and which Cuba is still fated to endure. In less than fifty years after the first settlement of the island the aborigines were exterminated—the responsibility of their extermination resting upon a single generation of Spanish colonists. The treatment experienced by the aborigines has since been extended to their wretched successors, the negroes, who would also have speedily disappeared were it not that Africa has been made regularly to supply the gaps which the brutalities inflicted upon them have annually occasioned in their ranks.

The population of Cuba has steadily, but not very rapidly, advanced. In 1775 it amounted to about 170,000 souls; and in 1819, the period of the Mexican revolution, it somewhat exceeded half a million. In 1841 it had increased to 1,007,924; and may now be taken at about 1,300,000. An exaggerated notion very generally prevails as to the proportion borne by the slave to the free population of the island. Those who have not examined into the matter are led into the belief that the slaves in Cuba vastly preponderate, in point of numbers, over the free inhabitants. This is a great mistake, as may be shown by their relative proportions as laid down in the census of 1841. It is true that, since that time, events have occurred which have unquestionably given a new impetus to the slave-trade in Cuba, and which may therefore have disturbed the proportions given in 1841. But the disturbance, though sensible, cannot have been very great; so that with the allowance of a slight increase in the proportion of slaves the classification made of the population in 1841 will serve to indicate its present apportionment. The total free population of the island was, in that year, 571,129; the total slave population, 436,497. The excess of free men over slaves was then 134,634. But whilst the free population did not consist solely of whites, the slave population was not confined to negroes. Of the free population, the whites alone numbered 418,291; whilst of the slave population, the negroes alone numbered 425,521. Thus the free whites were within a fraction of being as numerous as the black slaves. The free colored inhabitants amounted to about 88,000, and the free negroes to 64,000. The colored slaves scarcely amounted to 11,000. The whole negro population, both free and bond, did not exceed the whites by more than one sixth; whilst the whole negro and colored population, both free and bond, exceeded them by but little more than one third. If this be taken as an indication of the proportions now borne towards each other by the different classes of the population, it is evident that, whatever may be the feelings and aspirations of the blacks, the tenure

of its supremacy by the white population is not so precarious as it is generally believed to be, even supposing the whole of the colored and negro races, both free and bond, should unite in one common cause against it. It is undeniable that there are large districts of the island in which the slaves far outnumber their masters, and in which the latter would incur great peril in case of an organized movement on the part of the former. This is the case with the slave states on the continent, in some parts of which the slaves are to their masters as four to one. But taking the slave states throughout, the free population considerably outnumbers the slave—which, as we have seen, is also the case in Cuba. No matter, then, how deep and wide-spread may be the disaffection pervading the slave population of Cuba, the cause of the whites would be anything but desperate in the event of a rising, even were the slaves to secure the sympathy and coöperation of the free colored and free negro population. And yet it is on the assumed balance of chances against the whites, in such an event, that many have rested their speculations regarding the political changes impending over Cuba—speculations which have led some merely to contemplate its fate with interest, others to seek to influence it for their own purposes; and others, again, to regard the island as a prize, which a dexterous manœuvre might, at any time, precipitate into their hands.

That disaffection, deep-seated and wide-spread, exists amongst the slaves, is not to be doubted; for wherever slavery exists, there disaffection must be. That the slaves in Cuba would willingly avail themselves of a good opportunity of avenging themselves of their wrongs, is undeniable, for there are few spots in the world, over which the baleful shadow of slavery has been cast, in which its severities have been more unmitigated than in Cuba. But that the disaffection of the slaves, in any event but that of foreign war, is fraught with danger to the present political relations of Cuba, is not to be entertained for a moment. Were a foreign enemy to land, with a view to the subjugation of the island, sufficiently powerful to form a safe nucleus for the slaves to rally around, they might organize with effect, and find that the hour of vengeance had come. But in no other event have they as yet a chance, either of effecting a change in their own condition, or of altering the political relations of Cuba. So long as they have to deal single-handed with the white population they must wear their chains until their oppressors choose to knock them off; and so long as the white population remains faithful to the Spanish connection, nothing but the strong arm of a foreign power can wrest the island from Spain.

But there are many whose anticipations of a revolution in Cuba are chiefly based upon the supposed disaffection of the Spanish section of the population. That the whites in Cuba have well-grounded causes of complaint, is as obvious as that the blacks have injuries to be redressed. It is on the Spaniards of the island—the holders of

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property—that the tyranny of the mother-country more immediately falls, the cruelties perpetrated by them on their slaves being, to a great degree, the result of the grinding exactions of Madrid. It is notorious that the unnatural policy of the mother-country has kindled in the minds of large sections of the Spanish population a strong desire for a new state of political existence; but it does not follow from this that they aspire to independence of Spain. Like the people of Canada, they may obtain such reforms in their political system as will bind them more closely than ever to the parent state. It is a mistake which we ourselves have too often committed, in dealing with our colonies, to fancy that discontent is but a mask for a desire for separation. Nor does it follow, even if they aspired to independence, that they would consent to receive it at the hands of those who, coming from a foreign strand, would, under the guise of tendering aid, seek to force it upon them. Such a mode of securing his object would be at variance with the proverbial pride of the Castilian. Far less does it follow that a discontent, giving rise to a desire for independence, should make them look with favor at the proposition of annexation to another power. Cuba may be ripe for revolution, and yet not ready for revolt; and had any proof been wanting to show that the political sentiment of the island was yet favorable to the connection with Spain, it has been furnished by the character of the reception given to the recent expedition. That reception leaves no doubt as to the piratical nature of the expedition. Had a struggle been going on in Cuba for freedom or independence, it is difficult to see, considering the precedents with which history is rife, how individuals could be prevented from transferring themselves, if they could, to the scene of action, and casting their lot with either of the contending parties. Or had a positive invitation, under promise of aid and coöperation, been given to foreigners to invade the island, with a view to liberating a manacled people from a grinding oppression, we might understand, although we might not be able wholly to excuse, an expedition fitted out for the purpose. But when such an expedition is fitted out, either in culpable ignorance of the views, wishes and sentiments of a population, or for the purpose of carrying a particular point of its own, irrespective of these views, wishes, and sentiments, we can have no hesitation in ranking it with the most execrable of projects. Such was that which Lopez led, or pretended to lead, for the liberation of Cuba. Either he was himself a dupe, or he grossly deceived his associates. Whichever was the case, the people of Cuba have shown that they neither looked nor wished for him in the character of a liberator. In either case, the character of his expedition was such as could not bring it within the laws of honorable warfare; and there is no other category in which it can be placed than that of freebooting and piracy.

However mistaken it may have been, the prevalent impression throughout the United States was

and is that the Cubans are anxious for independence. This impression has led many ardent spirits into the belief that the hour of Cuban independence could not be far off. Such an idea once current, there are multitudes in the Union who, acting from a variety of motives, have been seized with a desire to hasten an event which they deemed inevitable, and whose shadow they fancied they could already discern in the not distant future. Throughout the west and south-west there are many reckless spirits, whose mere love of adventure has made them look to Cuba as one out of many arenas on which to gratify their appetite for hazardous excitement. The passion for notoriety has induced others to look in the same direction; whilst there are others, again, who have been actuated by meaner motives, and who have regarded Cuba as offering them the best opportunity of speedily enriching themselves, or retrieving their bankrupt fortunes by its spoliation. But behind all these stand another and a larger class, who, taking more extended views of the matter, treat it as one of national import, and as intimately connected with the policy of the republic. These—amongst whom rank many of the statesmen of the Union—see, or believe they see, in the supposed precarious position of Cuba, a source either of great danger or great advantage to the Union. Whether Cuba be destined for independence or not, they convince themselves that she is fast slipping from the hands of Spain. The anxious question with them is, Whither is she tending? Should she declare for independence and achieve it, could she maintain it? If not, into whose hands should she fall when she had cast herself off from Spain? Should she, instead of declaring for independence, simply aspire to freedom and a new political connection, with whom would she contract the new alliance? These are questions which have long elicited the anxious attention of the more sober-minded and intelligent of the American community. They involve issues of great magnitude, both to the sectional interests and the general political fortunes of the Union. They soon begot a desire to influence the fate of the island, so as to secure the double object of averting a danger and obtaining an advantage. If Cuba unequivocally declared for independence, it must be kept independent, and free from extraneous influence; if, on the other hand, it simply sought to change its allegiance, to the Union alone must it annex itself. Such was the policy, in respect to this matter, shaped out many years ago for the republic—a policy at first made contingent upon the voluntary movements of Cuba. Had our American kinsmen confined themselves to views like these it would have been impossible to have taken exception to them, as it cannot be denied that the fate of Cuba is a question of great national import to the American Union. But for the last ten years they have been rapidly forsaking the semi-defensive attitude at first assumed by them, and instead of waiting for the natural development of events, they have latterly sought to influence

and precipitate them. The first territorial acquisition made by the Union after its independence was that of the vast province of Louisiana, which it obtained from the French by purchase. This was a transaction emanating more from the government than from the people, for at that time the desire for territory, far less the lust of conquest, had not developed itself in the American mind to anything like the extent latterly attained by it. A large and influential section of the population was averse to the purchase, and warned the country against the danger of the precedent. Their previsions have not been falsified. The value of the new acquisition, in a commercial point of view, soon manifested itself. This event, together with the disputes which afterwards arose in connection with the north-eastern and north-western boundaries, the cession of the Floridas, the acquisition of Texas, and the still more recent and more valuable acquisition of New Mexico and California, have all tended to imbue the minds of the bulk of the American population with the belief that they live under a law of territorial extension—that their destiny is to possess one of the Americas at least, and that they can realize that destiny at their own convenience. Men have committed the most heinous crimes under the influence of a morbid delusion that they were destined to commit them. Believing themselves destined to be masters of Cuba, thousands in America are impatient of the slow course of events, and are eager to take some active steps, without being very scrupulous as to their character, to bring the island without delay into their possession. The annexation of Cuba is, therefore, no longer regarded by them as an event which will ultimately work its own fulfilment, but treated as one to be facilitated, hastened, and even coerced.

This, of course, cannot be said to apply to all; but recent events have shown it to be applicable to the great bulk of the American people. And it must be confessed that many, even of those who would have some scruples as to the means to be employed, would be prevented, by their creed and sympathies, from criticizing too closely the steps taken, when once taken, for obtaining the end. Thus, many who would have frowned upon an undertaking like that got up by Lopez, would, despite themselves, sympathize with its object once it was on foot, and be disposed to let it take its course, in the hope that it would pave the way towards the realization of their object. It is on this sympathy on the part of multitudes left behind, that any gang invading the island may calculate for success, inasmuch as it is certain, in the course of a brief period, to put them in sufficient force for the attainment of their purpose, unless the government interpose between them and so prolific a source of support. It is thus that the desire of conquest, which is fast becoming a passion with the American people, would of itself lead to designs against Cuba. But this desire is quickened, in respect to that island, by the state of social and political transition in which it

is supposed to be. The knowledge that such designs exist, if it does not create or enhance dissatisfaction in the island itself, keeps it in a perpetual state of uneasiness and excitement, which tends to render its political relations as uncertain as they are supposed to be, and thus to make the Cuba question a source of perpetual anxiety on both sides of the Atlantic.

In their views upon Cuba, the Americans are influenced by a variety of considerations, the chief of which are such as have reference to national and sectional interests. The question assumes a national aspect to them when Cuba is considered in connection with the commercial and political issues involved in the problem of its fate. It is in view of the particular effect which its acquisition would be likely to have upon the different and conflicting interests of the Union, that the question becomes invested with a sectional importance.

The commercial advantages of Cuba are too obvious to be overlooked, particularly by a people so imbued with the spirit of trade as are the Americans. It is not only the trade which the island, in the hands of an energetic and enterprising race, who would develop its resources and multiply its wants, would carry on with a view simply to the supply of its own wants, that is to be considered—but also the extent to which the trade of other and vaster regions might be made to depend upon it. Nature seems to have designed it for what, for obvious reasons, it has never yet become—a great commercial *entrepôt*. From its position, it might be made the common market for an enormous sweep of the continent, embracing some of the richest districts of the Union, and some of the fairest provinces of the Mexican republic. But aside of this, Cuba is of vast intrinsic value, sufficient to excite a cupidity less torpid than that of the Americans. By them it is valued for its minerals, but chiefly for its three great staples—sugar, coffee, and cotton. As yet, but a mere fraction of the cultivable area of the island is devoted to the raising of these staples. The whole area of Cuba is estimated at about 40,000 square miles, or about 26,000,000 of acres. Of this area, about 15,000,000 acres are cultivable, leaving 11,000,000 which may be treated as irreclaimable. Of the cultivable portion, about 2,000,000 of acres only are under what may be called cultivation, being less than one seventh of the cultivable area, and one thirteenth of the whole area of the island. Besides, more than one half of the portion actually cultivated is in garden and fruit cultivation, leaving the lesser moiety only, or less than one fourteenth of the whole cultivable area, employed in the production of the great staples of the island. Much of the uncultivated portion of the cultivable area is employed for the purposes of pasture. This statement shows to how small an extent the natural resources of Cuba have as yet been turned to account. Even without displacing a single Spaniard from his property, there is still ample

room in the island over which an energetic race might spread, finding resources which it might turn to the best account. The value of Cuba, in its present comparatively undeveloped state, will serve to indicate the possible value of the prize, should its resources be properly called into play. In 1830, the value of lands vested as private property was estimated at nearly 100,000,000 dollars. The buildings, engines, and utensils of labor upon them were estimated at about 56,000,000 dollars. The live stock was taken at about 45,000,000 dollars; and plants, including the fruits, at 276,000,000 dollars. In addition to these, the slaves were estimated at 41,694,000 dollars; the total representative value of agriculture being about 510,000,000 dollars. The gross products amounted to upwards of 40,000,000, and the nett produce to about 23,000,000 dollars. These were the estimates formed twenty years ago, and they are, of course, far below the mark of their present value. But they serve to show what a prize Cuba might become with its resources properly called forth. If annexed to the Union as it is, it would even now greatly enhance the sum total of its wealth, and largely augment by its trade the federal revenues. Put in the hands of the Americans, and annexed to the Union, its present condition would be but the starting-point for the development which it would speedily attain.

But it is from considerations of a different character that the question respecting Cuba derives its chief importance in the eyes of the American people. Its bearings upon the political fortunes of the Union throw all other considerations into the shade, when it is contemplated in a national point of view. It unfortunately happens that this, which lends its chief importance to it in the estimation of Americans, is mainly that which renders it impossible for other powers to regard it with indifference. England might calmly witness the cession of Cuba to America, did Cuba only carry with it as its dowry the commercial advantages at its command. Indeed, such an arrangement would be more advantageous to her than otherwise, as she could not but benefit by the increased wealth of her great customer, whilst an almost new and expanding market would thus be opened to her industry. But the question has to be viewed by her in a totally different light, the cession of Cuba being an event which would transfer to a rival a power which is now latent, but which, in the hands of that rival, would be in the last degree inconvenient, if not irresistible. It is this which makes the Cuba question an international one of the first magnitude, and in a broader sense than as merely affecting the sovereign rights of Spain.

The events of each year are lessening the importance to America of maintaining a standing army. Except in the direction of Canada, she will soon be without a military frontier. Except in that direction, she has no enemies on the continent whom she cannot crush by means of a few thousand raw recruits and hasty volunteers. As

regards Canada, it can only be her enemy when she has made Great Britain her foe. When that is the case, the ocean and not the land will be the chief scene of conflict. In a belligerent sense America may be regarded as virtually insular. Her naval arm, therefore, is and must be her chief source of defence, if not, by and bye, her chief means of aggression. This is well understood in America, and the necessity of developing more and more the strength of that arm is becoming daily more apparent. This is particularly so from the light in which America regards England, as her greatest rival in time of peace and her greatest enemy in time of war. It is thus that the development of their naval power has become a darling object with the statesmen and people of the Union.

America already possesses much that is necessary to render her a great naval power. She has numerous estuaries and noble rivers, far up which she can establish her dock-yards, and build her fleets with safety. She has inexhaustible supplies of timber, of iron, and of coal, and can provide sails and cordage for her ships. She possesses the highest skill in point of naval architecture. She has a great and growing commerce to supply her with seamen; in addition to which, by offering them higher wages, she can get seamen from other lands. She has also a vast sea-coast, stretching, on the Atlantic, from the Bay of Fundy to the southern extremity of the peninsula of Florida, and thence along the Gulf of Mexico to the mouth of the Rio Grande. She has, also, from twelve to thirteen hundred miles of sea-coast on the Pacific, having thus a noble look-out upon Asia and the Eastern Archipelago. On the whole, her sea-coast line, on both sides of the continent, exceeds in length 3000 miles. But, notwithstanding this, she is deficient in the grand essential of good harbors. Not that she has not many harbors well-adapted for commercial purposes, but that she possesses few of any military importance, and these so situated and so circumstanced as to render her naval efficiency far from being proportionate to her extended line of sea-coast.

Were the military harbors which she possesses differently situated, they would be of much greater service to her, in a naval point of view, than they are. They lie chiefly between Portland, in Maine, and Hampton Roads, at the mouth of the Chesapeake. They are thus confined, on the Atlantic side, to a portion of the coast, comprising little more than a fourth of the whole line of sea-coast on the Atlantic and the Gulf. Had she even one good harbor, fitted for all purposes, on the Gulf, the distribution would have been much more favorable to her in a military sense. But they all lie in a cluster between Virginia and Maine—leaving the enormous stretch of seaboard south of Chesapeake Bay utterly destitute in this respect. From Hampton Roads, at the mouth of the James River, southward along the whole coast of North Carolina, South Carolina, Georgia, and Florida, on the Atlantic, and along the western

coast of Florida, the coasts of Alabama, Mississippi, Louisiana, and Texas, all the way to the Rio Grande on the Gulf, a distance of from 1500 to 2000 miles, there is not a single harbor of any military importance. From Cape Henry, in Virginia, to the stormy Cape Hatteras and Cape Fear, almost the entire coast of North Carolina is rendered inaccessible by the elongated sandbanks which lie parallel to it a little to seaward, and which only here and there afford openings to inlets which would be more serviceable were they only more accessible. Cape Fear stands on one side of the entrance to the harbor of Wilmington, of secondary rank even in a commercial point of view. From Cape Fear to Georgetown entrance, another second-rate harbor, stretches a low inhospitable coast—becoming more broken and indented between that and Charleston—the harbor of which is the best for commercial purposes between Hampton Roads and the Bay of Mobile. But it is chiefly, if not solely, for commercial purposes that Charleston harbor is available. The coast, trending southward, is again screened by clusters of low islands until we reach Savannah in Georgia, another purely commercial port. Its character is the same still further south to Alatomaha Sound, on which is the shipping town of Darien. From that to St. Augustine, in Florida, and thence to the southern extremity of that vast peninsula, it is as inaccessible as is the shore of North Carolina. The island of Key West, lying a little south of the peninsula, is the only naval station of any consequence that we meet with along this extended line; and, although valuable, it is by no means of first-rate importance. The Gulf coast of Florida is much more broken than that which it presents to the Atlantic, but none of its inlets are available for military purposes until we reach Pensacola, close to the boundary line between Florida and Alabama. This is decidedly the best naval station between Chesapeake Bay and the Rio Grande; but it is more adapted for refitting vessels than for the general purposes of a military seaport. We then, passing westward, come to the harbor of Mobile, in Alabama; that of New Orleans, in Louisiana; and that of Galveston, in Texas. These are all more adapted for commercial than for warlike purposes. The mouth of the Rio Grande, which, for the present, terminates the American coast-line on the Gulf, is but miserably adapted even for trading purposes. Along this whole line, therefore, the only two military stations that we find are those of Pensacola and Key West, which are of but secondary importance. On the Pacific, the Union now possesses the magnificent bay of San Francisco, which lies in about lat. 38° north. But from that southward to the Mexican line there is no military station, the Bay of Monterey not being such; whilst northward, towards the British line, there is no harbor of any kind, until we reach the mouth of the Columbia, the advantages and capabilities of which have been much overrated. But close to Vancouver Island, in lat. 49°, is the spacious and

splendid harbor known as Admiralty Inlet. The military value of this, however, is much diminished by the extent to which the inlet is commanded by the many good harbors of Vancouver Island. Whichever power can command the Straits of Fuca controls, for the time being, Admiralty Inlet. But it is with the harbors on the Atlantic side that we have now chiefly to deal.

So greatly disproportioned are the naval advantages possessed by America to the extent of its coast, that the possession of the seaboard of the British provinces—that is to say, the possession of the Bay of Fundy, the coast of Nova Scotia, and the Gulf of St. Lawrence—would treble her naval power; and yet the whole coast-line of these provinces is not more than one fourth the extent of the Atlantic and Gulf coast-line of the republic. But, in addition to the disadvantage of having the chief naval stations of the country clustered together as they are, leaving nearly destitute, in this respect, so great an extent of coast to the southward, is the other and still greater disadvantage of having these stations so situated as to be commanded by some of the most important naval outposts of the most formidable maritime power in the world. From her magnificent station at Halifax Great Britain overhangs, with her fleets, the whole of the Atlantic seaboard of America. From Halifax she is within two days' sail of Boston, within four of New York, and within five of the Delaware. From Bermuda, that lonely watch-tower of England on the deep, which is to the southern parts of America what Halifax is to the northern, she is within five days' sail of Cape May, at the mouth of the Delaware—of Cape Henry, at the entrance to Chesapeake Bay—of Cape Fear, on the coast of North Carolina—of Charleston, the principal city of South Carolina, and chief seaport of the South—of Savannah and Darien, the main outlets of the commerce of Georgia—and of St. Augustine, on the Atlantic coast of Florida, and the chief *entre-pôt* of that peninsula. Thus from Halifax she directly commands the coast from the Bay of Fundy to Cape May; and from Bermuda, the remainder of it from Cape May to St. Augustine. The Halifax squadron could blockade Boston and New York; while the Bermuda squadron, by cruising between the Delaware and the Chesapeake, might put Philadelphia, Baltimore, Washington, and Richmond, in a state of blockade.

It is under these circumstances that the possession of Cuba by any powerful maritime state, particularly by Great Britain, would be, in the last degree, inconvenient, if not dangerous, to America. For let us look for a moment at the position of Cuba, in a military point of view. Situated a little within the tropic of Cancer, it throws its western moiety, almost like a gate, across the entrance to the Gulf of Mexico. There are two channels leading into the Gulf, the island forming one side of both. The two channels are about equal in width; that on the Florida, and that on the Yucatan side, being less than 150

miles across. It is evident that such a position, with the harbors at its command, makes Cuba the key of the Gulf. It is in view of this that its importance assumes such magnitude in the eyes of the American people. For what is meant by Cuba being the key of the Gulf? Neither more nor less than that it can control our moiety of the commerce of America, and the whole of the Atlantic trade of Mexico. In the hands of a weak power like Spain it is not in reality what, in the hands of a strong power like England it would inevitably become. Their recent acquisitions have made the Gulf more an American than a Mexican sea, and their future prospects are sufficiently dazzling to lead the Americans to believe that, ere long, it will be exclusively theirs. It is no wonder, therefore, that they do not look with complacency at the bare possibility of an island falling into the hands of England, the possession of which by England would put at her control, in time of war, the commerce of some of the best cotton-growing states; a large proportion of that of the Mississippi valley, the whole of that of the valley of the Rio Grande, and also of the eastern provinces of Mexico. It would not only enable her to command the commercial ports of Mobile, New Orleans and Vera Cruz, but also, with Halifax and Bermuda, to encircle the whole coast, from Maine to Texas, with her military outposts, so that a simple declaration of war would virtually put the whole of the American seaboard in a state of blockade. But this is not all; for, in addition to the Gulf, Cuba might be made to command the whole of the Caribbean Sea. More important still, it lies in the direct line from any of the Atlantic or Gulf ports of the Union to the Isthmus of Panama, a section of the continent rapidly rising in importance, and destined soon to be the greatest highway in the world. It is in vain to conceal from ourselves that the Americans have already set their hearts upon the possession of the Isthmus. It is true that, by the Nicaragua treaty, the government has debarred itself from colonizing the Isthmus. But what of that? The stipulation is one which favors the designs of the American people. The government did not colonize Texas, but Americans in their individual capacity did. The result is well-known. The treaty does not preclude Englishmen or Americans from taking up their residence on the Isthmus, and for settling upon it the Americans have greater advantages than we have. If 20 Americans can go and reside there, so may 200, 2000, 20,000; and when there are 20,000 there the thing is done, and Panama is annexed. Towards this consummation Cuba would be a convenient stepping-stone for our ambitious kinsmen, if in their possession: whereas if it were in ours it would form a barrier to them of the most formidable kind. To this they are fully alive, and cannot tolerate the thought of our getting hold of a position which would at once frustrate their designs, and instal us in the supremacy over the West Indian seas, which they are ambitious of acquiring

for themselves. A highway across the Isthmus is sought for the general convenience of the commerce of the world. It is to open up a new track for the trade between Europe and Asia. The possession of Cuba by either America or England, will put the power holding it in a position to control the greater part of the commerce of the world, particularly when we consider that the direction of the currents of the Gulf will throw the greater part of that commerce going eastward, close by the coast and harbors of Cuba. Such are the considerations, both of a local and general character, which influence the American people; first, in their determination to keep Cuba out of our hands; and next, in their longings to get at it with their own. Such, also, are the considerations which excite the jealousies of England against any measures which tend to throw so valuable a possession into the hands of her rival. Both in a political and a commercial point of view, Cuba would be a most valuable acquisition to England; so valuable, indeed, that she can never hope to obtain it except at the cost of a war with America. Nor can America hope to acquire it except at the cost of a rupture with England, for England must first make up her mind to strike her flag in the West Indian seas, and to put most of the foreign trade of the world, and much of her own trade with the greatest and most valuable of her possessions, at the command of her rival, before she can consent to the transfer of Cuba to the United States.

Such, then, are the circumstances which, in a political point of view, attach such importance to the Cuba question, in the sight both of England and America. The prize is sufficiently valuable for both to covet it, and too valuable for either quietly to permit the other to secure it. The only condition under which Cuba can exist, so as to preserve anything like a balance between the two powers in question in that quarter of the world, is that of subjection to a third and weak power, like that which now possesses it. The independence of Cuba would not suffice; for Cuba, independent, would be a greater arena of intrigue, than Cuba, a Spanish possession, can well be. It has, for many years back, been the policy of the two governments to secure to Spain the possession of Cuba, mainly to keep it out of each other's hands—a policy which the events of the last few years threaten seriously to disturb.

But there exist in the United States other considerations, of a local and sectional character, which have a very material bearing upon the question. The annexation of Cuba would necessarily influence, to a great extent, the institution of slavery in the Union. Hence it is that it is a contingency contemplated with mingled hopes and fears by the different parties who take an interest in that subject. The south would, from a variety of motives, gladly see Cuba annexed as a new slave-state to the confederacy. Such an event would strengthen its hands in the councils of the nation, and rid it of the apprehensions which now haunt it of the emancipation of the blacks in Cuba,

either through a successful servile insurrection, or their manumission by the mother-country, or by some other power to which the island might be ceded. From whatever quarter their emancipation may come, it is equally dreaded by the southern slave-owner; and this, together with the desire to strengthen itself at Washington, makes the acquisition of Cuba a not unpalatable policy throughout the south. In the north, the idea is not so popular, although there are many there who would wish to see Cuba annexed as a free state, so as to strike a blow upon slavery from the rear, from which it would not recover. The policy of the northern emancipationists is to surround the slave-states, if they can, with free territories; and thus, by isolation, weaken the whole fabric of slavery. There are also thousands of ardent spirits in the north and west who are ready to sanction any project, irrespective of the justice of the means or the nature of the consequences, which may appear to be in fulfilment of what they take to be the inevitable destiny of their country—the possession of the entire continent, with all the islands adjacent to it.

The danger, then, which besets the question, is obvious when we consider the extent to which it appeals to the passions of the American people, and bears upon the national objects and sectional politics of the republic. Did no doubt hang over the future of Cuba, the dangers of the question would be remotely contingent, not imminent. It is the existence of this doubt which renders them urgent and pressing, as it affords a pretext for all the jealousies and animosities, the hopes, fears, and projects to which the question may give rise. Even were there no doubt, there are many in the Union whose object it would be to excite it, as a justification for any line of conduct which they might choose to adopt. It is now supposed—at all events it is industriously circulated—that Cuba cannot much longer be retained by Spain. It is, therefore, believed that the time for annexing it, at all hazards, to the Union, has come. These views do not, it is true, actuate the government, but they very widely prevail amongst the people of the Union. To extend them and enlist public sympathy as much as possible in their favor, the most sinister intentions, as regards the island, are imputed to England.

It must be admitted, that these imputations derived some color of truth from the incautious recommendations of Lord George Bentinck to seize the island in payment of the Spanish debt to British subjects. That such recommendations should be given in the British House of Commons, by a man holding the high post of leader of one of the great parties in that house, no matter with what derision they were received, was sufficient to rouse into activity any latent views which American citizens might entertain with respect to Cuba. From that time, the project—which is now beginning to manifest its fruits—has been industriously hatched; and it would be a serious mistake for us to suppose that the late abortive enterprise is all,

in the shape of unjustifiable aggression, to which it will give rise. It will only stimulate the appetite for Cuba. From the discomfiture of the late expedition, those implicated in the project of seizing the island will only learn what is necessary to success. An Anglo-Saxon horde will never again trust itself, in such an enterprise, to the guidance of a Spanish Creole. There are many men in the United States whose military experiences in Mexico well adapt them for leading in such a case. These men refused to serve under Lopez. The Creole, however, could not be got rid of; but his abortive invasion has effectually shelved him. The Spaniard out of the way, the Anglo-Saxon has the field to himself; and we may rest satisfied that the next attempt upon Cuba, which will not be long postponed, will, in its military and moral resources, be a far more formidable affair than that which has preceded it. The invaders will reckon upon the support of their countrymen, and every day that passes, enhances the probability that they will not reckon without their host. The question of Cuban annexation is already sufficiently far advanced, to induce unscrupulous politicians to turn it, as they turned the Oregon question, to electioneering purposes; and stranger things have happened than that the turning point of the electoral contest for the presidency in 1852, should be the annexation of Cuba. Should the question threaten to assume such importance as this, it is to be feared, that, however honest the government may be in seeking to keep on terms of amity and good faith with Spain, it will offer but an equivocal resistance to the projects *in posse*.

It is evident, therefore, that this Cuba question is fast generating in the western horizon, a cloud, which, unless speedily dissipated, will soon overspread the heavens. But how dissipate it? By removing the only semblance of justification which the projects in question have in the eyes of the American people. They have views upon Cuba from which these projects spring; because, they say, Spain is going to lose it and we may get it, and because we have positive designs upon it, which, if they are permitted to ripen, will yet wrest it from Spain. Both these pretexts might be removed by a formal and avowed understanding between the two governments to secure the island in perpetuity to Spain. Let them by a formal convention agree to do that which it is now the policy of either to do. The advantage of this would be obvious. Spain would be in no danger of losing the island, and all ground for suspicion of England would vanish. The desperadoes of the Mississippi might still brood over their projects, but the great mass of the American people would cease to sympathize with them. As a people, they could have no more cause to dread the military preponderance which the acquisition of the island by England would give to her—as slave owners, they would not care so much for acquiring the island as a slave state, when all apprehensions ceased of its coming into the Union

as a free one; and, as emancipationists, they would not manœuvre for its annexation as a free state, when there was no longer any fear of its being brought in as a slave one. Cuba would also be relieved of that chronic excitement, from which it has so long suffered, and which has materially retarded its progress; and it would cease to be that focus of intrigue which it was fast becoming. Peace would no longer be menaced in that quarter, and the international relations of England and America would once more be without a cloud.

Such are the objects to be secured by a friendly and formal understanding like that hinted at. Unless something of the kind is done, Cuba will still be regarded as an available prey by the desperadoes of the world. And one project of the kind successful, whether Cuba be or be not the victim, no island in the ocean will be safe. Piratical expeditions will sally from the Thames as well as the Mississippi, and the high seas once more swarm with the common enemies of mankind.

So vital are the interests which England has at stake in this matter, that she cannot admit of distinctions such as are endeavored to be drawn between the acts of a government and of individuals. A government is not necessarily implicated in the acts of individuals; but in this case, no matter how independently of the government individuals may act, the matter can only be regarded in one light by England, viz., as an attempt at annexation. It will not avail to say that the object of the buccaneers is simply to render Cuba independent. If Cuba is made independent by American citizens, equipped from American resources, and fortified by American sympathy, the island, if captured, will be claimed as an American acquisition. The question, therefore, at once assumes the formidable aspect of annexation.

It is not our intention here to inquire into the complicity of the United States government in the late transaction. We have already expressed our confidence in the good intentions of the cabinet of Washington. We regret, therefore, to find that it is reported to have adopted a course which may retrospectively involve it in the guilt of the enterprise. It is said that it has interdicted Spain from capturing American citizens and ships found on the high seas, and proceeding to aid the buccaneers. There may be some ground for saying that Spain shall not seize American citizens on any other territory but that of Spain, no matter how deeply implicated they might be in the nefarious conspiracy against her. If Spain is their enemy, it is because they have first made themselves her enemies. But it does not follow that she can capture her enemies on territory not her own. But to say that she cannot justly capture her enemies* on the high seas, which are no one's territory, is too monstrous to be tolerated. It is not likely that Spain will forbear to do so;

* They must be *proved* to be her enemies before she can be allowed to treat them as such.—*Liv. Age*.

and it will then be for the American government to decide upon its next step. It is this conduct on the part of the American authorities that imparts its chief gravity to the question at present. It is the more to be lamented, as it shows conclusively how the wind blows, and indicates too truly the direction taken by the sympathies of the American people.

THE following beautiful lines were written by Mr. James, the novelist, while on board the steamer Washington, during her late voyage to this port.—*N. Y. Ev. Post*.

The Washington, the Washington!
 How gallantly she goes;
 Green fields she finds before her steps,
 She leaves them clad in snows.

The green field of the ocean,
 The snow-flake of the foam,
 Receive and follow, as she treads
 Her pathway to her home.

God speed thee, noble Washington,
 Across the mighty main,
 And give thee wings to traverse it,
 A thousand times again!

Not wrongly hast thou taken
 The glorious chieftain's name,
 Who won his country's liberty,
 Amidst the battle's flame.

No sordid triumph was the chief's,
 No sordid triumph thine—
 Though war, unwilling, was his task,
 And thine aim, peace divine.

The links his good sword severed,
 When heavy grew the chain
 Even of England's brotherhood,
 Thou shalt unite again.

But links of love the bond shall form,
 To bind the east and west,
 While child and mother, long estranged,
 Fly to each other's breast.

And may'st thou, as thou tread'st the sea,
 Till thy long wand'rings cease,
 Be, like the patriarchal dove,
 The messenger of peace.

LATEST NEWS OF MR. LAYARD.—Letters have been received from our enterprising countryman so late as the 10th of April, and dated from Arban, on the river Khabour. The last accounts from this quarter mentioned Mr. Layard's purpose of penetrating into the desert, which he has now done, and explored for three weeks, meeting with numerous traces of ancient population, though not so productive of antiquities as was hoped for. His present site, however, is richer in archæological remains, and is important, as these are undoubtedly Assyrian, and thus establish the fact of the extent of that empire. Two winged bulls and other fragments have been discovered among the ruins. Mr. Layard was desirous to examine the Khabour to its mouth; but the Arabs in that direction were hostile to those whom he ranked among his friends, and amid whose dromedaries, flocks and tents, he was located. The sheikh and all the tribe were kind and hospitable.—*Literary Gazette*.

From the Spectator, of 6th July.

MADEMOISELLE RACHEL.

THE dramatic heroine of the week is Mademoiselle Rachel; who on Monday last appeared at the St. James' Theatre as *Phèdre*, for the first time since the year 1847.

Rachel is one of those admirable artists who are always new. So many beauties are in every one of her delineations, that in each successive season some fresh discovery is made. The same critical observers who carefully followed her through four seasons, and paid her an amount of attention which histrionic artists seldom find, see her this year in the very character they have seen her in before, and yet leave the theatre astounded by her excellence. The *Phèdre* and the *Roxane*, both familiar to the audience, came to them with perfect freshness.

It is a great thing to say of Mademoiselle Rachel, that she is a thoroughly satisfactory actress in every respect. There is no need to put up with a fault in consideration of a beauty, to pass over an imperfect elocution for the sake of an evident inspiration of genius, to excuse a mannerism for the sake of the substratum of intellect which it partially covers. Rachel needs no apologist; "ifs," "buts," and "considerings," belong to a vocabulary with which she has nothing to do; she may be tried by one ordeal after another, and she will pass through them all triumphantly.

Some connoisseurs, especially of an ancient school, are especially charmed with all that shows the high training of the artist—with a perfect elocution, with a nice appreciation of metre, with a general power to preserve a character at a certain elevated level. To such connoisseurs Mademoiselle Rachel will afford every satisfaction. The French metre is never cut up from any realistic notion, but flows from her lips a stream of rhythmical music. The strongest exhibitions of passion never betray her into rant, nor does the organ ever seem to crack under the violence of the enunciation. Every word, not only of this or that showy speech, but of the entire play, seems to have been studied with the view of thoroughly ascertaining its capability; and the spectator is often surprised at finding a striking significance elicited from an apparently unimportant line, and at the varied effects which the actress produces by her by-play during the progress of a speech uttered by another performer. When Mademoiselle Rachel is on the stage, there are no gaps during which you may cease to listen and wait for the next point; but the whole character is, so to speak, perfectly filled up.

By her cultivation of this highly elaborate style of speech and gesture, Mademoiselle Rachel has attained an expression of certain emotions that no other artist ever approaches. The hatred or jealousy, blended with contempt, which is not told by ejaculation, but is exhibited in the form of irony, and the strength of which is shown by the constant effort to repress it, is something quite peculiar in the hands of Mademoiselle Rachel. Of calm, deliberate, caustic irony, she is the most consummate mistress; uttering her sarcasms with the air of a superior being, who, tortured with hate, will not condescend to be in a passion.

Those actors who have greatly excelled in finished declamation have often failed to please another school of connoisseurs, who care more for an appearance of inspiration than for training. A

brilliant "point" made with energy will gratify this class—a very large one—more than the most adequately sustained character. It is the same class that cannot read Pope or Dryden, and shrinks from coldness rather than from incorrectness. Strange to say, auditors of this class will find just as much to admire in the acting of Mademoiselle Rachel as those who can dwell on the beauty of her declamation. Severely as she has disciplined herself, much as she has restrained every impulse of passion that would tend to the harsh in sound or ungraceful in attitude, she has preserved the intensity of passion in all its vigor. Her "points" come out with electrical effect; and where there is no opportunity for these more startling displays, the mobility of the features proves to us that there is nothing frigid within, but that a creature of infinite susceptibility is before us, ready to blaze into vehemence whenever occasion offers.

The piece about which the greatest curiosity is raised is the drama of *Adrienne Lecouvreur*, which will be played for the first time on Monday next. Hitherto Rachel has been heard by the Londoners only in "classical" French verse; her performance of a prose play, with all the qualities of a *drame*, will place her in a new light. Indeed, the Parisians themselves never heard her in prose till last year, when this piece was produced at the Théâtre de la République.

IMAGES.—Touchynge such textes as these heretyques alleage agaynst the worshyppynge of Ymages, very sure am I that St. Austyn, St. Hyerome, St. Basyle, St. Gregory, with so many a godly conynge man as hath ben in Crysten chyrche from the begynnyng hytherto, understode those textes as well as dyd those heretyques; namely, havynge as good wyttes, beyng farre better lerned, usynge in study more dyligence, beyng an hepe to an handfull, and (which most is of all) havynge (as God by many myracles bereth wytness) besyde theyr lernynge, the lyght and clerenes of his especyall grace, by whiche they were inwardly taught of his onely Spyryte to perceyve that the wordes spoken in the olde lawe to the Jewys people prone to ydolatry—and yet not to all them neyther, (for the prestes than had the ymages of the aungell cherubyn in the secret place of the temple,) sholde have no place to forbyd ymages among his crysten flocke; where his pleasure wolde be to have the ymage of his blessyd body, hangynge on his holy crosse, had in honor and reverent remembraunce; where he wolde vouchsafe to sende unto the kyng Abiagarus the ymage of his own face; where he lyked to leve the holy vernacle—the expresse ymage also of his blessed vysage, as a token to remayne in honor among suche as loved hym, from the tyme of his bytter passion hytherto. Which as it was by the myracle of his blessyd holy hande expressed and lefte in the sudar, so hath it ben by lyke myracle in the thyn corruptable clothe, kepte and preserved uncorrupted this xv.c. yere, fresshe and well perceyved, to the inwarde comforte, spyrytuall rejoysynge, and greате encrease of fervoure and devocyon in the hartes of good crysten people. Cryst also taught his holy evangelyst St. Luke to have another maner mynde towarde ymages, than have these heretyques, whan he put in his mynde to counterfete and expresse in a table the lovely vysage of our blessyd lady his mother.—Sir THOMAS MORE's *Dialogue*, ff. 7.

From *Fraser's Magazine*.

THE HEIRS OF GAUNTRY. A TALE.

CHAPTER I.

No one need describe the ancient cathedral-town of Salisbury, endowed as it is with two lights to tempt the traveller to turn aside, and spend, at least a few hours on the wild plain of Stonehenge, and in the isles and cloisters of the most graceful building that England has to boast of. No one need describe it; yet is it pleasing to recall its quaint and conventional gravity; the massive walls of the bishop's garden; the trim green, surrounded by the sedate-faced dwellings of ancient maid and widowed matron; the tall and graceful spires; the still and secluded cloisters; all beautified by the reverend repose that surrounds and sanctifies the semi-ecclesiastical atmosphere that belongs to the whole area of the Cathedral Close. A gray sobriety reigns in every nook and corner of that part of the town; you hear from hour to hour the soft, sweet chimes of the cathedral bells; and the silver-toned voices of the choristers melt out beyond the walls, and waft the service high and anthem clear to the hearing of the wanderers beyond the doors.

No persons of any great rank or riches live in these antique and well-behaved looking dwellings. You may there find the widow of a canon, or the niece of a half-pay officer, or the relict of some churchman, keeping up a decent appearance on very small means, and, perhaps, making a short display at the time of an assize ball or race week; for there are balls and races at Salisbury, and that ancient city still retains a master of the ceremonies—a change now given over into the hands of a dancing-master, who perambulates the country with a fiddle in a gig, prepared to give lessons to any one in the counties of Wilts and Dorset at a very moderate expence.

On the edge of the wild, bare up-lands to the south-west of Salisbury lies a property belonging to the Welsh family of Glyn Meredith. Boscombe was the jointure-house to which the dowagers had retired from time to time as younger viscounts succeeded to the honors of Gauntry. Gauntry Castle itself was situated in one of the counties of North Wales, amid the stern and sterile mountain scenery which borders the romantic shores of Merioneth and Caernarvon; and Gauntry was the pride of the neighborhood, as well as the chief boast of the Glyn Merediths.

It was a property of great extent. A magnificent park surrounded the castle, with a stately seclusion, and the building itself was one of the most beautiful relics of the mighty masonry of olden times; bearing on its gray and massive walls the solemnizing touch of four hundred ages, and gleaming out of the woods that surround it as a landmark to the ships sailing on the sea that flows at the foot of the hills of Gauntry.

In the year 17—, this splendid property fell to the share of a young man of nineteen. Henry Viscount Meredith succeeded his father in the spring of the year; the latter having died suddenly, when it was supposed that he was recovering from an illness that had attacked him in the preceding January. The viscount died, however, and the property fell into the hands of his only son, then a young man at Oxford. Every one deplored the untimely death of the father, as it was meet and right to do, and every one rejoiced at the accession of the young heir, which was equally right; and

when every one had compassionated the widow their duty was done, and the Glyn Merediths were dismissed from the minds of the uninterested public in distant parts of England.

It was not so in Salisbury, however; for there resided in a small, grave, quaint-faced dwelling on the Cathedral Green, a Mr. and Mrs. Glyn Meredith. The gentleman was a first-cousin of the last Lord Meredith; the lady was the daughter of a canon, who had left her sole proprietress of the dim dwelling where she and her husband resided, with two children, a boy and a girl, of the ages of five and seven.

Endowed with a very spare fortune, this couple were, at the same time, very sensible of what they owed to themselves as branches of so splendid a tree as that of the family of Glyn Meredith. They never spoke of each other to familiar friends without the pompous use of both names—both names appeared on their small, square, parsimonious, visiting-cards; and in every room in their house there hung upon the wall an ugly colored drawing of Gauntry—sketches by Mrs. Glyn Meredith's mother-in-law, in the very hideous style in which weak talents developed themselves about sixty years ago, when water-color was at its mildest and meekest, and pale indigo trees looked as if their heads had been frizzed and powdered in the fashion of the day.

Mrs. Glyn Meredith was a pale, washed-out, worn-out looking creature, with kind, unmeaning eyes, like nothing but oysters, and a mouth furnished with a number of small, crushed-looking teeth, which she had a habit of half closing, and thus making her speech painfully indistinct to her acquaintances. Enjoying, as she did, only a very moderate share of health, there was a pale, saffron tinge in her complexion, which, united to light yellow hair and light eyelashes, made her conspicuously like some tortoise-shell cat well up in years; and when she sat slowly blinking her pale eyes, as she always did in sunlight or firelight, one could almost have fancied that one heard her purr. Her dress was regulated by a comely economy, as was her small household, consisting of two children and three servants, herself and her husband.

This husband was a man of about fifty. He had married Miss Wynn, the only daughter of one of the canons of Salisbury, and with her had obtained a small fortune of about five thousand pounds—if fortune so small a sum can be called—and the house in which they lived in the pleasant Cathedral Green. There they had lived comfortably, quietly, and well; for with few wishes, and fewer children, there was nothing to make them spend their money and then wish for more. They had enough to enable them to support the name of Glyn Meredith in so sedate a place as Salisbury with a considerable dignity; and none of their neighbors were ever found wanting in kindly respect to the minor branch of the great family that had taken root in the county of Wilts some fifteen years before. Mr. and Mrs. Glyn Meredith had been married nine years before they had any family, and Mrs. Glyn Meredith felt almost entitled to apologize for the surprise caused by the birth of Miss Glyn Meredith, so great was the astonishment expressed by the ladies of the Cathedral Close, when the fact appeared in baby-clothes and cockadeless cap of dainty lace.

"It ought to have been a boy," said one of the Mesdames Finch, as she bustled across the green

on a sunny October afternoon, after her first interview with the baby.

"Why?" said, the daughter-in-law.

"Oh, my dear, the property—such a fine property, Gauntry!"

"Yes; but there is an heir for Gauntry."

"Better have two," said Mrs. Old Finch, as she was always called, to distinguish her from the younger lady, who resided with her mother-in-law, while Tom Finch was frying his liver to cinders in some remote part of India, on behalf of his wife and a family of dismally ugly children, who were quartered in Mrs. Old Finch's comfortable square house at the corner of the green.

Two years later, Mrs. Glyn Meredith gave a younger recruit to the heirs of Gauntry; and then Mrs. Old Finch said that she was satisfied, and she now hoped that Mrs. Glyn Meredith would have no more—two were sufficient. And it was so; Mrs. Glyn Meredith had no more; and the children grew up to the ages of seven and five without any remarkable turn of fortune occurring to direct the eyes and thoughts of the neighborhood towards them, until the sudden death of Lord Meredith took place; and then the Glyn Merediths had something more to talk of than other people. Mr. Meredith was the next heir to the lands of Gauntry, failing the young man who now had possession of them; though, of course, his decease was not a thing to be looked for, even by the most sanguine friends of the younger branch. It was suspected by those who knew them that the Merediths had not been on the best terms with his late lordship for some time before his death; and the suspicion was a perfectly correct one. There had been a quarrel of great bitterness between the families, on account of the smaller property of Boscombe, claimed by both, and at last obtained by the last viscount's father, to the prejudice of Glyn Meredith and his heirs. This dispute had calmed down into silent dislike and mutual alienation; although the humble branch of the family still prided itself on its lordly root, and spoke of Gauntry as the lawful centre of its love and interest. Thus, when the viscount died, Mr. and Mrs. Meredith appeared in a mourning deeper than the gray draperies of the modern light-affliction style of fashionable mourning establishments. The Glyn Merediths edged their cards with black, and sent round thanks for obliging inquiries, when they began to see a little company once more; and in this there was no pretence, for they felt the sorrow of the feudal days for their defunct chief, and prognosticated with gloomy triumph, the speedy marriage of the young viscount, and the retirement of the dowager to the jointure-house of Boscombe.

This Viscountess Meredith had never been seen by the Merediths; all that was known of her was that she had been one of the seven beautiful and haughty ladies Saint Germain; that she had brought her husband a hundred thousand pounds, left to her by an uncle; and that at Gauntry she had reigned it for twenty years with the high hand and strong will that belonged to her lineage.

Mrs. Meredith was beginning to wonder how she should be enabled to go through the ordeal of visiting the dowager when at Boscombe in her state of abdication; and though by no means comfortable in her mind on this painful point, she was beginning to take to herself no small share of glory in the prospect of the propinquity of so splendid a personage as the dowager, with whom they claimed so near a connection.

It was about a twelvemonth after the death of the viscount, that the inhabitants of the Cathedral Close were astounded one morning by the news that the Merediths had received a visit—a most gratifying, unexpected visit, from the viscount. The young man had supped and slept there, and had departed the next morning by daylight for Wales, without any one in the neighborhood knowing anything about it. He had come and gone without any soul having seen him; and there were not a few who felt deep disappointment at having missed such opportunity for lawful gossip. Mrs. Old Finch could not help thinking that the Merediths had acted unfairly and unkindly by their old friends, in leaving them so completely in the dark as to the company they were to keep on the 26th of August; and it was with some difficulty that Mrs. Meredith contrived to clear herself of the imputation of cunning reserve, by simply declaring that Mr. Meredith had met the young viscount by chance at the inn door, speaking to a mutual friend, when an introduction had followed, and the young man had kindly and cheerfully accepted the overture of reconciliation made by Mr. Meredith's offer of a bed and dinner, or supper rather; for it was six o'clock when they met, and the viscount stated that he had dined on the road from London. Meredith had accompanied him to the cathedral, and escorted him through the cloisters and chapter-house; and all this after a rapid interview of a minute and a half with Mrs. Meredith, during which he had ordered supper and rooms, and sternly interdicted any appeal to Mrs. Old Finch for any help or countenance on the occasion. Mrs. Meredith was a calm woman. She sent the boy to bed, and freed the nursery-maid from her attendance on Master Gaspard, by placing in her stead at his bedside a girl on whom she laid hands every Saturday as a help in house-cleaning. Martha was the daughter of a neighboring washerwoman, and being a sprightly and careful lass of fifteen, was quite capable of tending Master Gappy, as she called him in private conversation. Gappy, at the age of five years, thought her an amusing and enlivening companion, understanding as he did the Dorsetshire dialect in which she spake, and delighting in her tales and songs, delivered in a delicious *patoise*, to which it is impossible to do justice on paper.

"Hushee! hushee! an' I'll tell'e the tale o' the weepen' liady;" and Gappy shook in his cot with the transporting terrors of a ghost story, while his sister, who was two years older, sat grave as a small judge on a high chair at Mrs. Meredith's side, while that lady made her supper acceptable and herself agreeable to the young viscount. The cathedral was, after all, the only subject of common interest that they could conjure up between them; and to this blessed topic they returned again and again; for Mr. Meredith was a silent man—a man that might be called "odd,"—a man that might enjoy in after years the privilege of "not being understood in his own family;" for Mrs. Meredith herself was incapable of knowing whether she did understand any one, for the simple reason that she never saw anything difficult to understand in any one. If people were silent, why, she let them be; if they were talkative, why, she could give her tidy little reply, and wait for more. She was a calm woman, and had prepared her supper that evening for her distinguished guest without sending any vain-glorious messages across the green, and without disturbing the neigh-

borhood by the hypocritical pomp of asking their advice, or their plate, or their servants, male and female.

A "real butler," a *bonâ fide* man-servant out of livery, was only bestowed upon one family in the Cathedral Green. Mr. Mordaunt, with his sister and only daughter, were the great people of the Close—it is as well to say so at once. He was a rich man, comparatively speaking, though he possessed no landed property but a very handsome garden that lay to the back of his house. Having lost his wife at the birth of their only girl, Matilda, he had invited his sister Cicely to live with them; and under her care Miss Mordaunt was brought up with all the care that could be bestowed on a character full of piquant peculiarities, from the time that the tongue could utter and the lips frame words and phrases of a decided originality.

Mr. Mordaunt was very much hurt at the affront put upon him by the Merediths, in not inviting him to meet the viscount; for Mordaunt had lived in London in his younger days, and considered himself the only courtly and patrician company to be found in the immediate neighborhood; and he consequently professed himself unable to comprehend why he had been so strikingly excluded from the entertainment given by the Merediths to the young viscount.

"But they asked *no* one, my dear Geoffrey," said Miss Mordaunt.

"Never mind, Cicely! I do not care who they asked!"

"But, my dear Geoffrey, they asked *no* one; for Mrs. Old Finch"—and he returned to the charge.

"I do not care, of course—it is beneath my notice; but I think the Glyn Merediths give themselves unwarrantable airs—*very!* now I should say."

"But Mrs. Old Finch said to me, 'They did not ask me!'"

"Of course not! Ask Mrs. Old Finch and Mrs. Tom Finch! Of course not! Who would? I hope, Cicely, you would not think of any such thing. Now, I *ask* you, if you were in the shoes of Mrs. Glyn Meredith, would you ask Mrs. Old Finch and Mrs. Tom Finch? now I *ask* you;" and he stopped before her and glared on her with round, tight eyes edged with an angry pink; and Cicely meekly replied,—

"I'm sure I don't know."

"But you *must* know if you would ask Mrs. Old Finch and Mrs. Tom Finch to meet the viscount. Now if you *were* in Mrs. Meredith's shoes—"

Cicely tried to fancy herself in Mrs. Meredith's small, neat shoes, with trim bows and ties; but she could only reply, faintly,—

"Perhaps Mrs. Tom."

"Why Mrs. Tom?" said he.

"Because she is so chatty."

"Chatty! oh! Upon my word—chatty! O, no, I'm not chatty; I would not be chatty if I could. So Mrs. Tom is chatty, and to be asked out to dinner in good society because she is chatty! O, Cicely, you are such a fool!" And he strode into the hall, banging the door after him, and walked three times round the Close to cool down, which he did by the time his pretty little girl came trotting out, sweet as spring, to greet him, and promenade at his side with the grace of coquettish eighteen that delights one still more in the person of a thing of four and a half.

The Merediths had received a certain accession of glory by the unexpected visit of their noble young connexion, and this was increased ten-fold when, after the lapse of a whole year, the post brought, one day in the early part of September, a letter from the viscountess herself; it was an epistle full of a magnificent friendliness—short, abrupt, like the invitations of royalty; and an invitation it was to Mr. and Mrs. Glyn Meredith to come to Gauntry during the following six weeks, in order to be present at the coming of age of the young viscount, and the festivities that were to distinguish his birthnight.

Mrs. Meredith read it to seven female friends on the day of its reception—that letter, sealed with the Gauntry arms and surmounted by the motto of the family, "Do well and doubt not." The hand of the viscountess was firm, and yet illegible, as very magnificent-looking writing very often is. She wrote on a large sheet of bluish-hued, official-looking paper; and no one ever beheld the Magna Charta, as it lies in the British Museum, with half the respect testified and felt by the Merediths to the important missive that bade them come in their best clothes to visit at Gauntry.

They must go, that was clear. Who could refuse to go when they received a letter like the following!

"Dear Mrs. Meredith,—It will give my son and myself much pleasure if you and Mr. Meredith will join us on the second of October, and pay us a visit of a fortnight. You will find conveyances to take you as far as Pwllh, where my carriage will meet you at the Gauntry Arms.

With kind regards to Mr. Meredith,

I remain, yours,

LOUISA MEREDITH.

Gauntry Castle, Pwllh, September 8, 17—."

"I wonder *how* P-w-l-l-h is pronounced!" said Mrs. Glyn Meredith, in a tone of perplexity. "I have never been in Wales, and I cannot imagine how they do it."

This was a gentle and womanly confidence on her part towards Mrs. Tom Finch, who irreverently suggested that it was all the old lady's fun to puzzle her. The idea of a dowager-viscountess indulging in puerile fun at the expense of her relations and the post, could not be received; but Mrs. Tom Finch was a graceless and opinionated young woman, and persisted in a course of argument eminently distasteful to Mrs. Meredith, who began to feel, for a fortnight before setting off, that it was a solemn junketting on which she was bound. Her wardrobe was overlooked, and some additions made to her meek and sober stock of dresses. She procured a head-dress of some elegance by the kindness of a friend in London. She mended up her old laces and brightened up ugly old brooches; tortured her ears with reöpening them, expressly to dangle therein a pair of garnet things that bobbed about and tickled her neck, and teased her exceedingly. But one owes something to one's position; and Mrs. Meredith gave herself no rest till she had packed her things in a strong box, and all was ready for their journey to Gauntry.

"So the Merediths are going to Wales," was the phrase most constantly repeated amongst friends at the Close during the whole of the week that preceded their departure.

"Yes, they are going, indeed," was the equally frequent reply.

Mrs. Meredith dreaded the trip more and more as the day approached, but she kept her feelings in due subjection, and rose, calm and tearless, by daylight on the thirtieth of September, to depart in a post-chaise for Pwllh—a place to her as good as nameless, though she spelt it to each of her friends separately for the chance of finding that some one of them knew more about it than herself.

It was a sad thing to part from the children for some three weeks; but they were to be left in the solemn charge of all the female friends of the Close, who each promised to come in several times a day, and see how they were getting on. Little Martha was to be up several times a week to console them; they were to ride Mrs. Tom Finch's donkey, a lone animal, the victim of all the little Finches; and they were to drink tea, at least twice, with Miss Mordaunt. This tiny lady was the representative of wealth and position amongst the small inhabitants of the Close. No child had such smart clothes, so many toys, and so much of her own wild way, in consequence of the mild government of her aunt Cicely, who had a comfortable theory that it was no use punishing children when they knew no better; and when they did know better it was worse than useless, and made them obstinately vicious.

"It will be an expensive business this posting to Gauntry, two hundred miles if it is a step," said Mrs. Old Finch to Mrs. Tom, the day before the departure of Meredith and his wife. "Two hundred miles at eighteenpence a mile, besides inns and things, that is"—and she scratched down on the back of a letter a calculation which amounted to fifteen pounds—"fifteen there, fifteen back—thirty."

"O, but they coach a good bit I fancy," said Mrs. Tom. "The big lady should pay the expenses, I say!"

"My dear Mary, how can you think of anything so indecent!" cried the mother-in-law. "How could the Merediths ask to have their bills paid! There would be quite a want of delicacy in that. It is truly kind of her ladyship to ask them; but her manners, I fancy, are quite those of the court. She wrote them a letter, a very handsome invitation; and I am glad they are going, and I am sure I hope they will enjoy themselves."

Mrs. Finch peeped out of her bed-room window in her nightcap to witness the departure of the Merediths, and kissed her hand, though no one saw her kindly intentions, mentally resolving to go in and invite the children to tea and romps at four that very day.

When she went to the door at noon, she found the children with Martha in the sitting-room. The boy Gaspard was riding astride on a chair, "going to Gauntry with papa and mamma," while the girl was sitting at the window looking vacantly out at the cathedral spire, with swollen eyes and a face blurred with crying. "Master Gaspard had been very good, but Miss Ellinor took on sadly," was the bulletin of the nursery-maid—and the girl's eyes filled again, and her lip squarred, and big tears rolled over the round cheeks, which she brushed aside with little red hands, and a sigh burst as if from her very heart's core. Mrs. Finch took her hand and told her to be comforted, for cake, and jam, and much jelly, awaited her at tea-time, not to speak of a game of unlimited noise and duration in the lumber-room of Mrs. Finch's dwelling. The girl said nothing, but hung down

her head, with its rich tresses of fair hair, and Mrs. Finch turned to the boy.

"Where are you going to?"

"To Gauntry—Gauntry—a big house! we must get there 'fore dark." And he lashed the wooden ribs of his steed and sped miles, in his imaginary way, before Mrs. Finch had left the room.

In the mean time the Merediths sped on their real road, and in two days and a half were beginning to approach the edge of the wild district in which Gauntry is situated. On the afternoon of the third day they reached Pwllh, and on alighting at the inn they found the viscount's carriage awaiting their arrival. Mrs. Meredith was in the frame of mind that wishes to apologize to every one for everything that occurs with which they have the remotest concern; and consequently she hoped that she had kept no one waiting, and hurried into the carriage as soon as she had swallowed a dinner of half-raw chop and hot potatoes enlivened with small beer.

Gauntry was sixteen miles from Pwllh, and so the night had fallen before they approached the park and pleasure-grounds that lie around the castle. The country that they saw by the light of the setting sun was, however, of a character wildly romantic. The road to Gauntry leads the traveller over wide moorlands, whence, on clear days, he may see the pale brows of the snow-clad hills of Merioneth, breaking bright through melting mists at the noon of an autumn day—wide and blue gleams the distance that stretches towards the level country—rich and golden is the foliage that lingers until October on the sheltered woods that stretch for miles to the south and east of the castle of Lord Meredith.

The road was hilly, and to Mrs. Meredith exceedingly wearisome, after night had fallen; yet she persevered in looking out of the window and in admiring, to the utmost of her power, all that she saw around her; at last, after toiling for fully half an hour up a long and steep hill, the postilions mounted once more, and the carriage swung swiftly down the wooded avenue that leads to the gates of Gauntry. Three milestones does the traveller pass on his way through the park, so extensive are the royal pleasure grounds that stretch around the noble castle of Glyn Meredith. When half that distance from the building the carriage stopped, and Mrs. Meredith looked out—she saw a figure with a lantern unfastening the iron gates that stand there surmounted by an iron coronet, and that flew backwards with a clanging sound to let the vehicle pass. The lady caught a brief glimpse of a bright window and a comfortable-looking lodge, at the door of which stood a woman with a light in her hand addressing some observations in an unknown language to the lad who opened the gates. Mrs. Meredith looked out intently as they drove rapidly past; she saw a grotesque and dwarfish figure mouthing, and laughing, and dancing, to attract the notice of the passengers—an exertion which was rewarded by some playful words and a gentle lashing from the whips of the postilions, who were well known to the gate-keeper.

"What a very odd boy!" said Mrs. Meredith; her husband was asleep, and could not, therefore, assent to the truth of her remark; and nothing more passed until they bounded over the bridge that crossed the moat and rattled beneath the arched entrance of Gauntry. A bell was rung that echoed through wide stone halls and arched corridors, and

a heavy oaken door was opened, and within stood half-a-dozen servants in the white and green liveries of the Meredith family, waiting to introduce the travellers into the dread presence of the viscountess and her son.

There are few things more trying to the nerves than arriving from a long and tiring day's journey, and with travel-soiled clothes, to find one's self thrust into the presence of a well-dressed, silent, and attentive group of complete strangers. This was the sad experience of Mrs. Glyn Meredith, as she stumbled and slid, with benumbed feet and dazzled eyes, over the polished oaken floor of a long bright saloon, at the end of which, by a blazing fire, stood the viscountess and a circle of friends and relations, the faces of each and all being dismally unknown to Mrs. Meredith. She looked and felt herself to be in a state of abject fear, and it was with gladness that she heard the viscountess ordain that she should forthwith go to her room to take off her things—there, and then, to partake of a meal to be sent to her dressing-room, and, finally, that she was to go to bed, if she preferred it to coming down stairs again. The reader can guess her choice.

She was conducted to her room by Miss Saunders, a *dame de compagnie*, a comfortable and chatty individual, who poked up the fire—rang for a maid—advised her, by all means, to rest after her journey, enumerated the company in the house, and then gladly plunged down the big stair again and into the saloon, leaving Mrs. Meredith half frightened with the splendor of the apartment in which she found herself. It was a room called the Cathedral Room, from the Gothic shapes assumed by all the furniture, and a painted glass window that filled one end of the chamber, and which threw a yellow and saintly light through the splendid and gloomy apartment. Heavy gold-colored damask draperies hung round the bed and windows; and on the walls, panelled with oak, were placed full-length pictures of some former Viscount and Viscountess Meredith, whose portraits were duly examined by Mrs. Meredith before she went to bed, during a promenade she made round her chamber, holding in both hands a massive candlestick of silver, of enormous weight, and with which, in consequence of having weak wrists, she anointed three chairs and the rug with large round blotches of wax before she was joined by Mr. Meredith in a flowered calico dressing-gown, and slippers of crimson morocco, of that hue now confined to baby shoes.

"Magnificent place!" said Mrs. Meredith, timidly, for the splendor made her shiver with dread of the morrow and the viscountess.

"Magnificent!" said her husband; and he sat down beside a noble fire of logs from the woods of Gauntry.

"I hope you have enjoyed yourself, my love," said Mrs. Meredith.

"Oh, yes! but I am so sleepy;" and he wound up his watch like a person determined to be in his bed in a trice. Mr. Meredith had no taste for midnight confidences—his words were few after eleven o'clock at night, and Mrs. Meredith had only to crush up her curl-papers under a richly frilled nightcap and betake herself to her pillow, with her last thoughts devoted to her children's nursery, and a trusting hope that they had eaten nothing that might disagree with them since she had parted from them three days before.

And that evening the children had gone to bed as usual, soothed with the cheerful company of their old nurse, whose poetic fancy delighted itself in depicting the glories of Gauntry as now enjoyed by Mr. and Mrs. Meredith. When a girl, she had lived fifty miles from Gauntry, and she knew about its grand castle, and could vie with any one in descriptions of its heroic splendors. In that grand Welsh castle there was a harper harping in the great hall for the pleasure and glory of its lord. A flag waved on the highest tower when the master was at Gauntry; there was a fine chapel at the east end of the castle; there was a park where the deer might fly fifty miles before the hounds; there was a grotto of costly shells; there were gardens full of grapes, and figs, and nutmegs, it was said; for everything grew at Gauntry, by some wonderful law of nature; and the viscount went out driving every day of the year in a coach drawn by four cream-colored horses; and all these fine things belonged to a young man who had remained in Ellinor's memory as a faint sketch of a slight figure, with a noble face, and long, fair hair, in a riding-dress and top-boots.

Mr. and Mrs. Meredith found themselves in the eating-room of Gauntry at the proper hour; and after breakfast Mr. Meredith was informed that he was to go out shooting if he pleased. He liked sport, and agreed to go. The party was large, and the day fine, and the gentlemen departed. Mrs. Meredith spent a weary day with people that she did not sympathize with. There were six ladies besides herself and the companion. Lady Gertrude Saint Germain, the younger sister of the viscountess, talked in French to Lady Meredith, while she lay with indolent ease on a sofa. Mrs. Meredith retired to her room under pretence of writing her letters, but in reality with Miss Burney's *Evelina* for mental refreshment; and it was with joy that she heard the return of the sportsmen at five o'clock. She hurried down stairs, and found the ladies in the hall looking at the game that had been brought in by the keepers and the dwarfish boy that she had seen at the gate the night before. He was speaking Welsh, she supposed, and wondered no longer that she could not pronounce P-w-l-l-h. She could not help observing him attentively; and his face was one that no observer could pass over. It was ugly, and yet of a powerful kind of hideousness, that attracted the eye again and again to its forbidding outline.

"What an odd boy!" said Mrs. Meredith to Miss Saunders.

"Yes, he is deaf and dumb, and, as you see, a dwarf almost. We are very sorry for him. His mother is a widow, who keeps the west lodge—a good, excellent creature; was the widow of a *ci-devant* butler. This lad, Llewellyn, goes out to carry the game; he knows every corner and nook of the place hereabouts. He is a good, docile creature; and Lady Meredith and the viscount are very kind to him."

"An idiot?" said Mrs. Meredith.

"O, no; but, of course, being deaf and dumb, and uneducated, he appears very strange to those who do not know him: he is a most obedient and tractable creature." She tapped him on the shoulder, and he turned round with an attempt at speech, which Mrs. Meredith instantly classed amongst the most horrible sounds she had ever heard. His eyes were wide, dark, and of gypsy fierceness; the face was coarse, and full of deep shadows; but

there was a picturesque splendor in the raven hair, the great brow, the fine eyes, and the mouth furnished with bright and dazzling teeth.

That night Mrs. Meredith took a very bad fit of the toothache. She retired to bed early, but not to sleep; she remained in a state of broad wakefulness all night, and in the early morning she rose to get some remedy for her pain. She got her bottle of some drops, name unknown, (a specific of Mrs. Finch,) and she pulled back the curtain to let in the daylight (Mr. Meredith abhorred having a light in his room.) She stood before the window, and cast her eyes over the landscape. The day was rising over the hills of Gauntry; the autumn foliage was illuminated by the first beams of the strengthening sun; blue, purple, and lilac were the gleams that rested on the distant well-wooded plain; the deer were lying under the stately trees of the park; there was not a breath of wind to stir the withered leaves that tapestried the surf with their fallen honors. As she looked she saw in the distance the figure of the dwarfish boy stealing from beneath a copse, and then hurrying on with a wonderful speed towards the avenue. "What an odd boy!" said Mrs. Meredith to herself. "Perhaps he saw me; if I had not got on my nightcap, and if I was not afraid of waking Mr. Meredith, I would look after him. I wonder if he cleans the shoes; proper boys that clean shoes always get up early." She soothed her toothache and went to bed again.

A week after the arrival of the Merediths there was a great accession of company. They flowed in in that tangled knot of cousinhood—Wynns, Glyns, Watkins, Shenkins, Jones, and a very astonishing couple named Gwmewr, from a house of the same name situated in Caernarvonshire. Directly descended from the ancient princes of Wales, they exacted honors that were almost royal; and, with a primitive pride, believed that their countenance was an addition to the splendor of Gauntry, and a favor for which the viscountess was grateful.

That evening was the birthnight of the young lord. The tenants were feasted in the hall; ale flowed; the harpers harped; the dancing began upstairs and downstairs; and Mrs. Meredith sat meekly looking on, in a dead-leaf-colored satin, with her head on one side, and an incipient toothache from the chill damp of the autumn night. But who could have felt damps in that saloon, blazing with light, ringing with music, and filled with bright and youthful faces? The viscountess stood looking on: her gray satin robes became her well, with her bandeau of diamonds in her hair, yet unsilvered with age. She was only just forty-four. She stood looking on at the dancing, and a smile stole over her proud face as she saw her son flying up and down the middle of a country-dance, his handsome young face flushed with exercise, and performing his part to admiration. At her side stood Mrs. Gwmewr, waving her head, and saying at intervals, "Very good dancing."

Loud, and wild, and merry were the strains that rang out through the halls of Gauntry that night; the saloons rung with the mirth of hundreds flying through the crowded lines of dancers. Heavy heels there were none, if there were heavy hearts. Let the dance be prolonged till the morning breaks bright over the hills. Let the merry old dance-music of England rise triumphant above the first shrill cock-crow of early day. Nobody wants to go to bed but Mrs. Meredith, and lo! the supper-rooms are thrown open, and that is enough to

occupy the most fastidious mind. The rich plate blazes on the long tables; flowers and evergreens adorn the stately rooms; the viscount leads the way with a lady of high rank; noble ladies follow, and far behind, amongst the poor relations, comes Mrs. Meredith, leaning on the arm of Mrs. Gwmewr, whose name is still a sealed mystery to her.

Health and long life to the viscount. How they shout, those relations, rich and poor—the wild hurras almost tear the gilded roof asunder. He rises and speaks with a courtly and graceful ease.

"How graceful!"

"O, he has been in the best society," said Mrs. Meredith.

"What, madam?" said Mrs. Gwmewr, who was deaf.

"He has been in the best society."

"Eh?"

"He has been in the best society."

"Beg your pardon, madam!"

"*Been in the best society,*" shouted Mrs. Watkins, who knew the proper pitch to reach Mrs. Gwmewr's sense of hearing.

"O! ah! yes! certainly!"

Mrs. Glyn Meredith's ears were tipped with crimson when she saw Mesdames Wynn, Glyn, and Jones, turn round and stare at her—she wished herself in Salisbury asleep in her own bed. But the cheering has recommenced, and they are drinking the health of the viscountess.

"How grand she looks," said Mrs. Watkins. "Look what diamonds. Heir-looms, heir-looms—go with the property, every one of them."

It just flashed through the tepid brain of Mrs. Meredith—"Then they may be mine some day." She sat with her pale face on one side, looking like cold veal as she became more and more tired, and glad was she to see the crowd disperse, and to find herself in her nightcap and slippers ready for bed.

"What a splendid ball, my love!" she said, as her husband appeared in his red slippers at the door.

"Magnificent!" he replied. "I am very sleepy." And thus was she defrauded of the small portion of gossip for which she secretly pined.

Soon all was silence at Gauntry—all were sleeping as the day broke over the eastern hills; but in the park might have been seen one early wanderer. Llewellyn was skulking in the woods; in his hand he held a snared rabbit and a hare. With his prey he was hurrying down the avenue, but he might have run as leisurely as he liked, for no one was there to see him.

The next day numbers of cousins took leave of the viscountess. Shenkins, Watkins, Wynns, Glyns, and Lewins and Merediths, betook themselves to their several homes, and Mrs. Glyn Meredith found herself left in a dreary privacy with the noble ladies of whom she stood in great awe.

"What a dull woman!" said Lady Gertrude.

"He made me ask them," was the reply of the viscountess.

He meant the Viscount at Gauntry.

"He is an odd man," said Lady Gertrude.

"A bad face," said the viscountess.

"No, I think he is handsome," said Lady Gertrude. "How old is he?"

"Forty, I suppose."

"I wonder why he married her—she is such a stupid woman. Had she money?"

"A little."

"Well, how stupid of him to marry her for a little money."

"I think he has a nasty face," said the viscountess, the natural motherly dislike to the heir of an only son blazing up strongly within her.

"Nasty! O, no!"

"Yes! bad and cunning, I think."

"Cunning!"

"Yes. Very. She is a harmless little thing, but he is a disagreeable man, depend on it."

After another week had elapsed the Merediths began to think of going away. They were to go to Pwllh on the 21st, and expected to reach Salisbury on the 25th. On the 19th all the guests had departed, with exception of the Merediths. The viscountess and her son were to go on a tour of visits after the departure of their connections. The last day of the visit was one of intolerable dullness. A drizzling rain fell until about three o'clock, when the sun shone out; and the viscount, throwing down the newspaper, said—

"Now, Meredith, we will go to the places you mentioned."

The gentlemen went out together, and Mrs. Meredith stayed patiently making conversation with the viscountess till it was time to dress. When she had finished her toilet, she began to wonder at the nonappearance of Mr. Meredith. The dinner-hour approached, and at last he came in wet and cold.

"Where have you been so long?"

"Why, upon my word, a very odd thing—a very odd trick he played me. He said he was going to speak to a man in the park, and that he would return to me in five minutes, and I waited ten minutes—a quarter of an hour—half an hour—an hour. I walked about close to that spot, and then I sat down on the stone, near which he had left me, that I might not miss him, and he never appeared. Then I heard the summons to dress ring from the castle at five; and I hurried home about twenty minutes after it rang. I am quite wet and very cold—very much chilled. I suppose he will come in soon."

"I do call it quite uncivil," said Mrs. Meredith. Keeping Mr. Meredith shivering in damp feet, was almost the only thing that she could not quite forgive and forget. She warmed his shoes, his stockings, but Mr. Meredith could not get warm; and at last they went down stairs, and found the viscountess in the saloon with her sister and *dame de compagnie*.

"Where is Lord Meredith?" said Lady Gertrude.

"I do not know," said Mr. Meredith, who was shivering till his teeth chattered, for he was subject to aguish attacks. He sat down, and felt inclined to be slightly sulky at the want of courtesy shown to him that day. He had been treated like a poor relation; and, being a poor relation, he felt inclined to resent the affront put upon him. Mrs. Meredith smoothed her lavender silk, and hoped that dinner would make all things pass off pleasantly.

"Is not Meredith come in?" said the viscountess, who was punctual as a queen. "It is very late."

"Nearly six," said Miss Saunders.

Now half-past four was considered very fashionably late in the year 17—, and there was no excuse for people who did not choose to come in to meals at such a convenient hour. The bell was rung. The viscount was neither in his room nor in the castle.

Lady Meredith rose and went herself to her son's room, to the morning-room, the library, the sitting-room, the west turret room, upstairs, downstairs—

lo! there were faces gathering on the staircase and in the hall. Servants began to move quickly here and there. Tongues began to move; men were sent into the gardens, the shrubberies, the parks, the lodges, the gamekeeper's house, the tenants' cottages, to the farms, to the woods; and, meanwhile, the Merediths sat without their dinner waiting in the great saloon, cold, hungry and frightened. Once or twice they went and peeped out of the door, for Mrs. Meredith was shy and Mr. Meredith sulky; but no one was looking for them.

At last the door burst open, and the viscountess entered, with a pale face and quivering lips.

"What did you do with Meredith?" She sank into a seat as she spoke.

"Do with him! I have not seen him these three hours!"

"You have! you must! Why, he went out with you!"

"Yes, but he left me."

"Left you! Where?"

"In the park. I waited for two hours—more—more than two hours."

"Where?" "In the park, I say."

"He left you!"

"Yes—I repeat it—he left me, and I was in the rain for two hours. I have caught cold."

She started to her feet, and rushed from the room; but steps were heard coming along the hall. His lordship had not been seen anywhere.

"I will go to his room again;" and she went.

"Send across the river to Baronswood," she cried.

"He can't have gone there," said Lady Gertrude, who was not sufficiently terrified to forget her dinner.

A groom went, however, on the fleetest horse in the stable. It was dark before he set out, and it was ten o'clock at night before he returned. As the hours passed on the faces of all grew paler and paler. People hurried up and down stairs, along the passages, as if they still expected to find him hiding in some corner of the castle.

At last a voice was heard shrieking "Meredith! Meredith!" The screams echoed through the corridors, and reached the ears of the Merediths. They clung to each other in dismay. It was the mother calling on her son; and there was madness in the agonizing cry.

"Oh, this is dreadful!" said Mrs. Meredith. "I really wish he would come. Where can he be?"

"Meredith! Meredith!" The voice came nearer, and she burst into the saloon, her dress disordered, her eyes wild, her hands clenched in the distraction of horror.

"Hush, Louisa—dear Louisa, nothing has happened!"

"Meredith! Meredith!" was all she answered; and her screams tore the hearing of those who listened, so sharp, so piercing were the shrieking sobs and ungovernable cries of the unfortunate lady.

Confusion broke through the bonds of civilized life and the conventionalities of grandeur. The servants ran in and out of the saloon, talking, whispering, crying; asking for orders, receiving directions, and giving advice as to where the strictest search should be made. The viscountess remained in the saloon, pacing up and down. Lady Gertrude flew about the house. Miss Saunders followed with cordials for those most likely to need them. The dinner had remained on the table, getting cold under silver covers; no one touched it. The servants were directed to search the park with torches. And so ten o'clock came, and five minutes

later a horse was heard galloping to the entrance. The viscountess rose, tottered across the saloon, reached the door, and saw the pale and haggard face of the groom. His dress was wet, he had forded the river, and, travel-soiled and worn, he thus stood before her.

"Have you heard?" she cried.

"His lordship is not at Baronswood, my lady."

She fell on the ground in a faint. They raised her and took her to her own rooms. The Merediths retired to theirs. They could not undress nor think of sleep. They remained standing, as if stunned and paralyzed with surprise. At last, at two o'clock in the morning, Mrs. Meredith said—

"My dear, where can he be?" and on looking in her husband's face she saw tears on his cheeks. "Louis!" she cried, and threw her arms round his neck.

He was shivering in fever and ague. She begged him with tears to go to bed, and at last he consented to lie down. She chafed his hands, his feet, as well as she could, for their fire had gone black out; and at last, nodding herself with confusing sleepiness, she fell on her face on his pillow, and woke about the grey of the morning, cold to the very marrow, with aching bones, chattering teeth, and a sense of misery that made her cry softly to herself.

THE SULTAN AND THE DERVISE.—"An incident, which occurred soon after the accession of the present sultan, shows that, in some respects at least, he is not indisposed to follow up the strong traditions of his race. At the beginning of his reign, the Ulema was resolved, if possible, to prevent the new sultan from carrying on those reforms which had ever been so distasteful to the Turks, grating at once against their religious associations and their pride of race, and which recent events had certainly proved not to be productive of those good results anticipated by Sultan Mahmoud. To attain this object, the muftis adopted the expedient of working on the religious fears of the youthful prince. One day as he was praying, according to his custom, at his father's tomb, he heard a voice from beneath reiterating in a stifled tone the words, 'I burn.' The next time that he prayed there the same words assailed his ears. 'I burn,' was repeated again and again, and no word beside. He applied to the chief of the imans to know what this prodigy might mean, and was informed in reply that his father, though a great man, had also been, unfortunately, a great reformer, and that as such it was but too much to be feared that he had a terrible penance to undergo in the other world. The sultan sent his brother-in-law to pray at the same place, and afterwards several others of his household; and on each occasion the same portentous words were heard.

"One day he announced his intention of going in state to his father's tomb, and was attended thither by a splendid retinue, including the chief doctors of the Mahometan law. Again, during his devotions, were heard the words, 'I burn,' and all except the sultan trembled. Rising from his prayer-carpet, he called in his guards, and commanded them to dig up the pavement and remove the tomb. It was in vain that the muftis interposed, reproaching so great a profanation, and uttering dreadful warnings as to its consequences. The sultan persisted. The foundations of the tomb were laid bare, and in a cavity skilfully left among them was found—not a burning sultan, but a dervise.

"This is very foolish," she said; and went to the window.

"Jane," said the faint voice of her husband.

"What, love?" She went to his side.

"I am very ill, Jane—feverish; get me some water, and look out. Are there people in the park?"

She looked out, and saw six men crossing the avenue with dogs and horses. She saw that they were in full search, and told Meredith so.

"Give me the water," he said.

He drank a tumbler-full, and turned on his side. He did not sleep, and soon she saw the shiverings of fever strengthening in his frame.

"God bless me! Shall I send for the doctor?" she thought.

She went to the bell and rang it gently. A servant-girl answered it.

"The doctor has been sent for for her ladyship. She has been very badly all night, and takes on sadly."

"Are they looking for him still? He can't be lost."

"Lost! No. Bless you, ma'am, they always find the bodies in the river."

"The body!" cried Mrs. Meredith.

The young monarch regarded him for a time fixedly and in silence, and then said, without any further remark, or the slightest expression of anger, 'You burn! We must cool you in the Bosphorus.' In a few minutes more the dervise was in a bag, and the bag, immediately after, was in the Bosphorus; while the sultan rode back to his palace, accompanied by his household and ministers, who ceased not all the way to ejaculate, 'Mashallah. Allah is great; there is no God but God, and Mahomet is his prophet.'—*De Vere, Sketches.*

PREFIXED TO SOUTHEY'S COMMON-PLACE BOOK,
BY THE EDITOR.

"THOUGH thou hadst made a general survey
Of all the best of men's best knowledges,
And knew so much as ever learning knew;
Yet did it make thee trust thyself the less,
And less presume,—and yet when being moved
In private talk to speak; thou didst bewray
How fully fraught thou wert within; and proved
That thou didst know whatever wit could say.
Which showed thou hadst not books, as many have,
For ostentation, but for use; and that
Thy bounteous memory was such as gave
A large revenue of the good it gat.
Witness so many volumes, whereto thou
Hast set thy notes under thy learned hand,
And marked them with that print, as will show
how

The point of thy conceiving thoughts did stand;
That none would think, if all thy life had been
Turned into leisure, thou couldst have attained
So much of time, to have perused and seen
So many volumes that so much contained."

DANIEL. *Funeral Poem upon the Death of the late Noble Earl of Devonshire.*—"WELL-LANGUED DANIEL," as BROWNE calls him in his "BRITANNIA'S PASTORALS," was one of Southey's favorite poets.

From the Edinburgh Review.

1. *Das Göthefeier zu Berlin im Jahre 1849.* Berlin: 1849.
2. *Goethe in Berlin. Erinnerungs-Blätter zur Feier seines hundertjährigen Geburtsfestes.* Berlin: 1849.
3. *Zu Goethe's Jubelfeier. Studien zu Goethe's Werken.* Von HEINRICH DÜNZER. Elberfeld: 1849.
4. *Goethe's Briefe an Frau von Stein.* 2 vols. Weimar: 1848.

ON August 28, 1849, and the following days, Germany celebrated the hundredth anniversary of the birth of her greatest writer. All the literary capitals of that land of literature vied with each other in inventing ceremonial observances for the national jubilee. In accordance with the prevailing musical tendencies of the people, operatic representations formed the leading features of the several festivals. The dramatic *chefs d'œuvre* of the poet were produced with every accompaniment which modern skill in music and decoration could supply; his lyrics—solemn, festive, and satirical—were performed in the most brilliant manner by mixed chorusses of professionals and amateurs: Schumann, Mendelssohn Bartholdy, and the other living or recent composers of Germany, furnished their sweetest strains for the great occasion. All the literary and philosophical celebrities of the day contributed their quota of odes, speeches, and sentiments. The veteran Alexander von Humboldt officiated as Coryphæus at Berlin, and led the way in an address full of his own brilliant generalizations, of which the most characteristic specimen that we can find is a comparison of the lives of men of genius to “the appearance of those everlasting lights of celestial space, of which the greater orbs are sometimes dispersed like sporadic existences in the measureless ocean, sometimes united in brilliant groups.” Nor were the proper attractions wanting for the inferior orders of the cultivated world. There were triumphal arches, fountains, scenic decorations, transparencies of Göthe surrounded by every attribute of allegory—Göthe as “Dichter-kind” on a griffin, Göthe as “Dichterjüngling” on a Pegasus—dinners, polkas, illuminations, and fireworks.

Yet it seems that the celebration, everywhere alike, was regarded as a failure. No corresponding inspiration was kindled in the audiences by the laborious enthusiasm of the stage-managers. They listened, dull, spiritless, and uninterested; or, at best, they applauded the music, and gazed on the show, as they might on any other occasion; but without any peculiar significance of the day. The Fates themselves appeared to take a pleasure in mocking the solemnity. It was marred everywhere by cross accidents. At Berlin the contractor for the banquet miscalculated the number of his guests, and the assembled votaries had to endure four mortal hours of a dinner which was little better than nominal, the intervals between the speeches not being duly enlivened by courses

of more substantial diet. At Weimar, so long the poet's residence, his own family refused to take any part in the business; owing, it was said, to some quarrel with the municipality about the property in his relics. At Frankfort, his birth-place, the burghers were insolvent and out of humor; the populace savage and sore from the recent chastisement of their neighbor radicals of Baden by the Prussian bayonets. They voted the whole affair a piece of aristocratic impertinence; and when the managers got up a nocturnal serenade in front of the old house of the Göthes, the mob interrupted it, and put the performers to flight with a chorus of “Katzenmusik.”

No doubt the period at which the jubilee fell was an unfortunate one. Men's minds, reeking with political excitement, were little disposed to take interest in the payment of a somewhat pedantic homage to mere literary greatness. The failure of so many cherished schemes of German freedom and union had engendered among the more enthusiastic a spirit of fierce disappointment, which was ready enough to vent itself in bitterness against the memory of the idols of the last generation. The attacks of Börne and his school had, moreover, indisposed the sentiments of many of the younger class towards Göthe. The cherished author of the higher cultivated circles had been represented—with very little reason—as opposed to the political rights of the lower orders; and—with a good deal more—as having labored to repress that spirit of hopeful activity out of which alone political reforms could arise. His reputation, in short, had become a kind of battlefield between democrats and conservatives; and the former, although for the moment the defeated party, were as yet the loudest. But, beyond all these temporary obstacles to the success of the commemoration, it cannot be denied that a sense of unreality, a blank dissatisfaction, weighed on minds capable of calmer and more elevated judgment. The worship which was once paid, sincerely if blindly, to the living man, had become, they felt, mere conventional idolatry of the dead. Göthe was no longer what he had been, nor was his Germany the same. It was not the fame of the “Artist” which was in question: that was established. In that character, “nothing could touch him further;” the Book of Fate had closed on the page which recorded his name. But Göthe had been much more than this to Germany. For many years he had been regarded as the first practical philosopher of his day—the liberator of the age from prejudice and barbarism;—the great Teacher, from whom men were to learn how to direct their energies aright, how to achieve that perfect balance or harmony of the faculties and passions in which he placed the supreme good of his system. It was in this capacity that he had been revered with an enthusiasm unparalleled in modern days, and which nothing but its honesty preserved from absolute ridicule. Each of his greater works had been overlaid with multiplied gloss and commentary, in which critics vied with

each other in extracting from their subject the greatest amount of recondite learning. Every trivial saying which he chose, after his half-solemn, half-mystifying fashion, to propound as oracular, had been treasured and expanded as a relic of inspiration. Where was all this glory now? Where was the vaunted "world-philosophy" of the accomplished Epicurean? Had it not become as vain and wearisome as the systems of those former schools which it had been held to supersede? Was not there a painful suspicion that much of the weakness and degeneracy of the higher classes—much of their impotence to resist the torrent of those false principles and exaggerated sentiments in which they had long ceased to share—was owing to the enervating influence of doctrines once admired as exalting man to the ethereal serenity of angelic natures?

All these were unsettled questions at best. The world had not yet arrived at that point in its progress from which it might survey with judicial clearness the character of the mighty deceased; and his spirit, evoked untimely from its recent grave for this solemnity, was viewed by numbers as a spectre of questionable shape—a crowned phantom, the legitimacy of whose title was still under just debate.

The time has assuredly not arrived for a full appreciation of Göthe. The peculiar spirit of that age in which his mind was formed as yet clings too much to our generation, to render us truly competent and impartial judges. But the time *has* arrived, we think, when it behoves us to question ourselves as to the results of that long and brilliant career on modern society. It is time to examine what Göthe has done for us, what is the nature and tendency of the train of thought which he has left behind him, what school he has founded, what is the general bearing of his philosophy on those which preceded it and on those which are yet to come. These, no doubt, may seem questions of more immediate importance in Germany, and on the continent generally, than for solitary and self-sufficing society. But the contagion of a genius so searching as his, is to be kept out by no quarantine of English prejudices and indifference. The subject is not disposed of by the mere statement that English people read little of Göthe; if, indeed, the fact be so. They read him at second or third hand; they meet with some portion of his spirit alike in the abstruser speculations of modern religion and ethical philosophy, and in the common literature of the day. No one can well over-estimate the influence which a single mind, possessed of great original powers, and turning them to a popular direction, exercises in our day of rapid interchange of thought; or the speed with which that influence is conveyed, by a thousand ramifying channels, to the very extremities of the educated community.

And this must be the apology for foreigners like ourselves, when we venture to pass criticisms on great names like his, apparently so far removed

from our judgments by peculiarities of language and habits of thought. It is an apology, which conveys at the same time a far higher compliment than any which literary flattery could devise. When we are told that we cannot understand Göthe, our answer is, that he has made himself understood. Line upon line, precept upon precept, his writings have forced their way into our own literature, and he is as much one of the fathers of the present educated generation of Englishmen as our own Gibbon, or Johnson, or Wordsworth. We are not only entitled, but bound, to examine and to judge of him, and to say for ourselves, with whatever consciousness of uncertainty in our judgments, what is the nature and extent of this power which is at work among us, and how far its operation is for good or for evil.

And a similar apology is perhaps due to our readers, for calling their attention from topics of more immediate interest to some which may appear a little trite and inappropriate to the time. This journal has on various occasions, and when the subjects were more recent, taken part in critical controversies about Göthe's literary fame, and has sometimes incurred thereby the indignant animadversions of those who claimed for the object of their admiration the somewhat inconsistent honors, as they always appeared to us, of being at once the universal genius whom all the world was bound to worship, and the peculiar genius whom few could understand besides themselves. But we have no wish to go again over that beaten ground. It is less with Göthe as the mere author than as the moral philosopher that we are now concerned. For that Göthe's writings do involve a peculiar view of life, its duties, and objects—that he has furnished mankind not only with new subjects of thought, but with new ways of thinking and feeling—is declared at once by his multitudinous admirers, and by the determined band of opponents who in later years have been raised up against him in his own country. And we must still further trespass on our reader's indulgence for somewhat antiquated criticism, if, in order to estimate still more fully the position from which he started, the ground which he traversed, and the direction which he has given to those who are to continue the race, we go still further back, and concern ourselves awhile with celebrities still more out of date. For as three great names—Voltaire, Rousseau, and Göthe—represent, in succession, the different phases of the social philosophy of an entire century, so the three owners of the names are connected, not solely by the law of literary dependence, but by those of reaction and contrast. It is impossible in any degree to understand the functions exercised by Göthe in the European Commonwealth, without taking into view those performed by his predecessors; not merely because his mind was of course in great measure formed by theirs, but also because his philosophy is just what was looked for by a generation which, like his, had been taught by Voltaire and Rousseau, and

had become dissatisfied with its teachers—partly a complement of their doctrines, partly a protest against them.

It scarcely seems necessary to go higher than to Voltaire in tracing, for popular purposes, the parentage of modern continental philosophy. For his most extraordinary gift was that of assimilating, combining, and reproducing the thoughts of others; so that, with little originality of his own, he was able to pass off his second-hand inspiration as genuine. Clear, subtle, daring, with every quality but depth, he obtained all that sway over the public mind which is seldom acquired by the real originator of thought—too conscious, in general, of the inadequacy of his own views to be able to impose them with the tone of a sovereign. Few indeed looked through Voltaire, at Bayle and Pascal, who stood behind him. He seemed to France, and Europe in general, to occupy the extremity of the visible horizon—the father of authorship—the oracle alike of politics, philosophy, and literature—the living “We” of journalism before journalism had acquired its present substantial existence. He deserves, therefore, to rank as the first of the great priests of the modern creed of Negation. There were poets before Homer, and sceptics before Voltaire; and it may be a profitable as well as curious research to inquire after both; but for us, whose object is only to trace in some degree the course of popular thought and writing in later days, Voltaire is the beginning of all things.

To many, indeed, the examination of peculiarities in his character seems superfluous. Voltaire was an infidel and an arch teacher of infidelity; and as such to be cast aside with one general mark of reprobation. We would willingly remain at peace with critics such as these, for we respect their feelings, nay, sympathize with them, far too sincerely to condemn or sneer at them; we travel by a more arduous and doubtful road than they; but it is to meet at the same point, if possible, at last. But we would, nevertheless, ask those who imagine that the mere fact of his infidelity dispenses with all serious inquiry into his tenets and motives, by implying utter perversity and worthlessness of judgment, what else would they have had him but an infidel? He was endowed with a clear spirit and a penetrating genius; he could not have remained among the nameless millions who live and die in nominal belief. Was he to be a zealous Romanist of his own time and country? Was he to acquiesce in the religion *à la* Maintenon which was in fashion in his young years, that lowest and worst of hypocrisies—when coarse, deliberate vice, unexcused by passion, was not only varnished over by outward decency, but actually intruded among religious observances, with the respectful acquiescence, at least of the prelates and saints of an age which the Duc de Noailles, a Christian writer, is not ashamed to indicate, in his recent “Life of Madame de Maintenon,” as a model for ours? Would they have had him reverence Christianity under the cardinal’s hat of Dubois, or Alberoni,

or Fleury? or in the wretched series of low intrigues, craven tempers, and obscure ambitions, which characterized the last years of the company of Jesuits before their dissolution? Was he to join one half of the sincere believers of Paris in persecuting the other half in the affair of the Jansenists? or was he to side with the martyrs in their one-sided orthodoxy, mingled as it was with credulity of the most contemptible order? All this was impossible. There was, no doubt, an alternative. There was, then, in Romanist France, as there has been, and ever is, in Christian countries of whatever persuasion, the small company of God’s chosen servants—of those to whom it is given to extract truth even from the midst of bewildering errors—of those who are rarely known to the world, and can but seldom even know and recognize each other in it. But to say of any one that he was not a member of this invisible church is scarcely a reproach; and between this and unbelief there was no resting-place for a mind like Voltaire’s and in his day.

The open and literal character of his unbelief, wherein he differs from all other really great men, was a consequence of a certain necessity both of his moral and intellectual nature. He could never utter half his thought. If he could have done so, he might have avoided his thirty years of exile, or have spent them under the shadow of royalty at Berlin. And his thought went always directly to its point. When once the apparent logical truth was reached, he had no conception of the possibility of error from too wide generalization in the premises, and entertained the greatest contempt for all who suggested it. It was utterly impossible that he should frame for himself any of those more or less hazy atmospheres of mixed sentiment and reasoning—mixed faith and incredulity—in which so many minds of a different, perhaps a superior order, have been and are involved. In attacking the letter of the Bible, he had no doubt whatever that he was dealing direct blows at the foundation of all revealed religion. His reasoning on the one side was as concise as the popular reasoning of that day, and of ours, on the other. There is a revelation from God, says the common syllogism; therefore every word of the Bible is true in its literal sense. Much of the Bible is demonstrably false in its literal sense, says Voltaire, therefore there is no revealed religion. His judgment needed no further proof than this; his conscience never awakened to the void which so many feel whose judgment has been led astray. He had no shrinking whatever from the abyss of negation, which opens on most men when revealed truth is discarded. It was filled up to his perfect satisfaction by natural religion. There was no doubt, no mystery, about his God of nature. A few trivial deductions from design and contrivance—a few probabilities turned into axioms—were quite enough to satisfy him. It might be said of him, as Heine says of his offspring, the “Genevese School:” “They made of the Deity an able artist, who has constructed

the world much as their fathers manufactured watches." The being of God was in his view, if not quite as strictly demonstrated as the falsehood of the Bible, at least firmly established on the basis of convenience; and an atheist was quite as absurd a person as a priest. Whatever may have been his occasional fits of complaisance towards thorough-going friends who outstripped him in their unbelief, his own judgment always repudiated Atheism. He also dreaded it. "If," said he in 1765, in one of those moments of almost prophetic *clairvoyance* which distinguished him, "the world were ever to be governed by atheists, we might as well be under the empire of those infernal beings who are represented to us as savagely tormenting their victims."

But Voltaire is commonly called an immoral as well as an irreligious writer; and the saying is true of course, but not true in the sense, or to the extent, usually intended. Immoral he was, as a writer, as far as an imagination as lively as it was depraved, great regardlessness of truth, much jealousy and much arrogance, and these all obtruded on the world with an utter absence of self-restraint, could make him. But immoral in the sense of an impugner of the laws of morality he was not; herein, again, differing from the great men who followed him. He never attacked those laws directly; never indirectly on purpose, whatever may have been the effect of his reckless ridicule. On the contrary, he upheld them, even ostentatiously, as the foundations of his system; which had only the defect, quite imperceptible to his eyes, of containing nothing on which the foundations themselves might rest. It was enough for him that the excessive inconvenience of a world without morality was demonstrable. "The Supreme intelligence which has formed us, willed that there should be justice on the earth, in order that we might be able to live on it a certain number of years." "*La morale vient de Dieu, comme la lumière.*" Thou shalt not do murder, like the Dominicans; nor be ambitious like the Jesuits, nor licentious like the Capuchins; such were his daily edicts. Why not? Because the God of nature has willed it; and I, Voltaire, am his prophet; and if you preach aught to the contrary, you are a Lamétrie, a "Velche," a barbarian.

The same hard clearness in his outlines of thought equally distinguishes Voltaire in other points, in which he comes closely within range of the thoughts and feelings of his readers. His very egotism is of this description. It is as superficial as his ethics and his religion. Egotism, which is the greatest attraction of other leading writers with whom he is commonly compared and contrasted, in him only provokes our propensity to ridicule. He is no self-anatomizer. He never dreams of bringing before you the man Voltaire, with his intimate thoughts and sympathies. He introduces you to Voltaire the historian, the tragedian, the literary oracle of his age. He drapes himself, and poses before you in every variety of

attitude; but you never for a moment imagine yourself Voltaire, or enter with him into that deep communion of spirit which turns books into living men. His whole life was representation, and he never seems to have conceived life under any other aspect. And this is the reason why, unlike almost all other great men, he is perhaps less himself in his familiar correspondence than anywhere else. Nothing makes the reader less intimate with Voltaire than his letters. They have spirit enough, but no body. They disclose nothing, because their author had no secrets, and put his soul, such as it was, quite as much into his Philosophical Dictionary, or his fugitive criticisms, as into his closet correspondence. It was an odd compliment paid by an Austrian empress to Voltaire's familiar verses, that, addressed as they often are to the highest correspondents, and playing with the most delicate subjects, she never detected an expression in them contrary to etiquette.

Such was Voltaire in some of his most salient features; and being such, it may be matter of surprise with some that his influence should have been, not only so extensive in his own day, but so permanent with later generations. Qualities of style, and the other faculties of the "artist," will not account for this. His wit, unrivalled as it is, might maintain his popularity, but could not perpetuate his empire. The unequalled conversational beauty of his style, by which the reader is carried, as in a pleasant journey on an easy road, over, or past, all the difficulties at which deeper reasoning would stumble, is also a quality rather to excite pleasure than to ensure admiration. Nor has the good which Voltaire really worked in his own time, much to do with his present position. As a destroyer of past abuses he may be entitled to gratitude; but so are the impugners of witchcraft, and other respected but forgotten benefactors. We must therefore seek for the real ground of his supremacy elsewhere; and we find it in the close adaptation of his philosophy to the requirements of a large portion of mankind. How many are there—and especially men whose business makes them much conversant with the world, statesmen, men of business and the like—to whose minds scepticism like that of Voltaire is not only a natural element, but one in which they feel contented, and out of which they seek not for escape! Dogmatism has no attractions for them; but mysticism is even more adverse to their dispositions. The first will not satisfy their shrewd and cautious natures; but the second always produces on them the effect of imbecility, or cheaterly. They find the world full of problems, and compel themselves to take the first and simplest practical solution. "*Il faut prendre un parti,*" (the motto of Voltaire's latest defence of natural religion, 1772,) is the principle on which they choose their line; but criticism, not faith, is their natural element. They have a clear perception, if not a keen sense, of moral right and wrong; and none of the sophistry by which minds of a different class seek daily to obscure it has any effect upon

them. Such men are true Voltairians; and it matters not whether they are sceptics in the ordinary sense of the word, or whether they have deliberately chosen a religion, rather by an act of the will than of the intellect—rather as a thing to be received than believed. While such men exist, and have, as they must have, a marked share in the conduct of the affairs of mankind, their great master, whether his influence be felt direct or at second-hand, will remain one of the literary sovereigns of the world.

But such minds will always constitute a minority, however important a one, among thinking and feeling men. The multitude of those to whom faith is a necessity is far greater. It would far exceed the present purpose to examine, how the Voltairian influence required and called into existence by inevitable reaction a counterbalancing power; and how this was furnished by a spirit of a very different character, one far inferior in those points wherein Voltaire's supremacy lay, but as infinitely superior in others, and great above all in his own weaknesses:—one too who resembled Voltaire at least in this, that he adopted and attracted, and effaced by the splendor of his own genius, the converging tendencies of many minds anterior to his own. With none of Voltaire's advantages—low in origin, coarse in tastes, repulsing the intimacy and outraging the self-opinion of literary folks, wayward in heart and understanding, to a degree which amounted to unquestionable insanity—Rousseau swayed the world by two prevailing qualities. He was the great poet of the universal passion—love. He was the great prophet of the doctrine most universally seductive to the human intellect—the perfectibility of man. He introduced man to a new guide—a guide who might serve either as a substitute for revelation or a companion to it; teaching, that every man was indeed a law unto himself. If not absolutely the first to proclaim this doctrine, he was the first to clothe it sometimes with the seductive graces of refined voluptuousness, sometimes with the still more powerful attractions of asceticism and self-denial, borrowed from a severer creed; oftener still, with the charms of philanthropy. This was, in truth, as has been often observed, a consummation for which the world had been long preparing. The practical sense of man's corruption through original sin, the moving principle of so many religious reformations, had long been dying away. Rome had preserved it dogmatically; but, mingled as it was in the view of Romanists with the tenets of a denounced and unpopular school, it was daily more and more lost sight of in their general teaching. Polite Calvinism was thrusting it into the background as fanatical, the Church of England as methodical. The principles of Rousseau had at the utmost to break down, or rather to sap, the fence of a few traditionary dogmas, and appeared to numbers of unsuspecting believers fit to take their place side by side with such diluted Christianity as they possessed.

Accordingly, the influence of the "Gospel of CCCXXVII. LIVING AGE. VOL. XXVI. 24

Rousseau," as it has been called with greater force than is often contained in a mere sarcasm, spread with electric rapidity over Europe and America. It became at once the sole religion of multitudes, the subsidiary religion of multitudes more. Christianity itself—that is, the Christianity of the world—seemed, as we have said, to embrace and admit it; much as Christianity had in early times appeared to admit the popular infusion of Platonism; less, no doubt, in England than elsewhere; but to an extent we seldom realize, even among our own insulated and unsentimental people. If it entered most powerfully into the new Catholicism of the Stolbergs, Schlegel, and the rest, on the Continent; if it penetrated among the Pietists of Protestant Germany, where, as Göthe himself says, "as soon as the belief in good works and their merit ceased, sentimentalism took its place;" it was not less distinctly traceable in the tendencies of many popular religionists among ourselves. It insinuated itself among the Quakers and Unitarians; it made way even among the children of Knox and Cameron; nay, the very names of our Howards and Wilberforces, of which Religion is so justly proud, cannot be altogether disengaged from the ties of partial allegiance to that of Rousseau. Anglicanism alone—strong in its calmness, perhaps its coldness—seems to have rejected the specious importation almost wholly, and from the beginning.

The time of that intermixture has nearly passed by. The two streams, apparently commingled for a period, have run themselves clear again. The adherents of Revelation, taught by the brief duration and shameful fall of that palace of self-righteousness and vain-glory which Rousseau and his followers raised, have returned in great measure under the severer discipline of ancient belief. Among all the conflicts of modern religious schools, this, at least, seems to us discernible, notwithstanding some recent and partial appearances to the contrary, that the sense of the corruption of human nature, the strong Anti-Pelagian view of man and the world, however various the shapes which its conclusions may assume among Catholics and Protestants, gains ground, and becomes more and more characteristic; that the sects and shades of thinkers which hold by the more indulgent doctrine, become more and more distinctly marked off from the body of believers, and thrown into affinity with those who reject Revelation. But the system of Rousseau, though no longer the reigning one either in philosophy or religion, is still, perhaps, the most generally popular of all. Examine throughout Europe the life of courts and cities, the most commonly read literature of the day, the received social theories of the middle classes, and the feelings of women in particular, and wherever strict religious views do not prevail, it will be found that the ordinary substitute is still the "Gospel of Rousseau."

To compare the influence exercised by these two on European thought would be an endless task. So far as Englishmen may venture to pass

judgment on such a point, we should say, that in a mere literary point of view, the influence of Voltaire had been almost wholly for good, that of Rousseau simply mischievous. Nor is this difficult to account for. The best points of Voltaire were precisely those in which it was most easy to follow him. His wit was eminently national, and differed only in degree from that possessed by numbers of his compatriots. His clearness of expression, his critical acuteness, and the charms of his narrative, are all qualities in which he leaves a model more or less easily imitable. And accordingly most of the better class of French historical and philosophical works, written since Voltaire's day, savor of Voltaire in every line. Rousseau, on the contrary, is a writer for whom the Horatian phrase—*exemplar vitiis imitabile*—appears to have been invented. His worst points are those most easily seized, and most tempting to the imitator. His peculiar genius, which redeems them, is unapproachable. Men of lively but shallow fancy, ready rhetorical talent, and a superficial warmth of feeling, catch and exaggerate the tone of Rousseau with fatal facility; and thus are produced the popular sentimental writers whose fashion culminates, declines, and vanishes almost within a generation—the Saint Pierres, Chateaubriands, Lamartines, and the like.

But if we turn from the world of letters to that of life, as exhibited in modern political history, we shall meet with a very different result. Among those whose mental character and culture carry us back to Voltaire, we shall find many distinguished men; but all occupiers of second-rate, though eminent situations. This is the school which furnishes society with such leaders as Condorcet, Talleyrand, Metternich, Thiers; but the real masters of men, those who have moved millions by the force of a contagious enthusiasm, have always had a touch of the spirit of Rousseau: such men as Mirabeau, Robespierre, Napoleon, Nelson—however startling the juxtaposition may appear.

As, in the history of a single human life, relaxation of energies is sure to follow their unnatural tension; as, with men of intellectual character, a youth of enthusiasm, full of strong purposes and exaggerated impulses, is commonly followed by a gradual disenchantment, until the care of self and its interests seems to become the only reality; as such men learn to smile at their past delusions—to look with an indulgence, half contemptuous and half tender, on their younger companions who are possessed with those longings of which they have proved the vanity; as they gradually retreat from one advanced position to another, until understanding, and wit, and cultivated sensibilities, and all the powers which once "wandered through eternity," are tamed and disciplined to the household business of smoothing their owner's progress through the troubles of the world; such were the changes which came over the philosophical mind of Europe when Rousseau was dethroned, with the fall of his extravagant

child, the Republic. Thenceforward the spirit which he had aroused passed to the outer multitude of thinkers and readers, the ordinary preservers of the last by-gone fashion. Among the more advanced class, the pretensions of his imitators were received only with ridicule. Something new was wanted. Voltaire had exhausted for the time intellectual scepticism, and Rousseau sentiment. Voltaire had mocked at ordinary human nature; Rousseau had deified it. What was left, for those who had witnessed the decline of both, except the philosophy which turns from the unsolved enigmas of man's general nature and destinies to the cultivation of self, which strives to eliminate, as far as possible, the various impulses which lead to extravagance—which passes by religion with a bow, and philanthropy with a sneer, and teaches man that the real aim of his existence in this world is refined enjoyment of it! When the time for a new religion has arrived, a prophet has never been wanting to place himself at the head of it; and that eminence, in the present instance, was reserved for Göthe.

Göthe was born in 1749, consequently ten years earlier than Schiller and the others whom we commonly regard as his contemporaries. The habit of attaching himself more closely to younger men was one of his characteristics, as we shall see presently; and this circumstance, together with others, tends to make us forget his actual age, and rank him lower down in his century than his proper place. Nor is the distinction without importance; for Göthe being ten years older than his companions of whom we speak, received the full tide of the irruption of Rousseau into Germany in a soberer and less impressionable mood than they. His early youth passed away under the dominion of Voltaire; and he has recorded in his conversations with Eckermann the deep impression which the philosophy of that school made on him. He says himself that he resisted its influence successfully. It is probable that he was scarcely so much exposed to its contagion as he imagined. There were Teutonic faculties and deficiencies about him with which Voltairianism was incompatible: too much real depth of thought and feeling; an appetite for mysticism, though rather intellectual than of the heart; a wonderful penetration into the mental condition of other men, and power of seeing with other's eyes, such as no Frenchman ever possessed, and Voltairian Frenchmen least of all; a deficiency, we cannot but add, in the quality of wit—whatever his countrymen may think of the matter—most strange in a mind so richly furnished with other gifts. We are apt, therefore, on the whole, to interpret those passages in which he attributes so much of his own mental cultivation to Voltaire, as savoring a little of the common perversity of men of genius in judging of themselves; the same which made Byron vilipend the romantic school, and pronounce himself the follower of Pope; a slight affectation of condemning the qualities in which they excel, and praising those in which they fall short.

Thus far, however, is true, that some results of Encyclopedic teaching, combined with some natural coldness of disposition, and with a certain pride in superiority to mere enthusiasm, such as that of Schiller, enabled Göthe to resist the pressure of the "Sturm und Drang Zeit," and the more powerful seductions of the Theophilanthropic social philosophy, which made conquest of Germany in the years immediately preceding the French Revolution.

At a later period, Göthe's literary and personal friendship with Schiller became one of the warmest feelings of a heart not much addicted to expansive sympathies, at least with the masculine division of humankind. Yet it is difficult to suppose that his admiration of the younger poet, as an author, however sincere, was of any very high order. As a man of the world, and a courtier, Göthe had always something of a Byronic contempt for mere men of letters; and Schiller was one of the most childlike of the species. Both as a critic and a keen observer of life, he was thoroughly alive to the unreality of Schiller's poetical world, and the defects of dramatic studies elaborated from books, not from life. Moreover, the impartial judge must plainly admit that there was no sympathy in Göthe's heart with that singular purity of feeling, that unsuspecting romance of character, which, with the unsophisticated and uncritical, is Schiller's greatest charm.

In fact, the connection of Göthe with Schiller is one of the passages in the elder poet's life which we dwell on at once with pleasure and with regret. Nothing can be more attractive than the honest admiration of the established favorite for the rising one;—the elder brother's fondness with which he at once cautions him against error, and defends him against attacks;—their chivalrous union against hostile criticism, dulness, and "Philisterheit." Schiller's popularity for a time eclipsed Göthe's; yet appears to have been as thoroughly enjoyed by Göthe as if it had been his own. The early death of the former alone put an end to a literary friendship which, under the circumstances, may almost be termed unexampled.

And yet all the time we feel a painful consciousness that the men were divided from each other by a "monstrous gulf" in Schiller's own words; a more "dreary gulf" than that of literary jealousy. We do not speak of mere inequality of powers, although Schiller's place, as it appears to us, is at best only an elevated one among the *Di minores* of literature; Göthe's, perhaps, a low one among the superior divinities; but from the lowest of these last to the highest of the second-rates, the distance is greater than—

From the centre thrice to the utmost pole.

But their moral aims and instincts were wholly opposite. It may be said emphatically of Schiller, that he was the only great writer of a cultivated age who ever dared to burst through the restraints which worldly philosophy casts around us, and to appeal freely and without reserve to the common

sympathies of the honest part of man's nature—the love of the beautiful, the love of glory, virtue, patriotism, devotion—all the impulses with which we sympathize in the young, even when our own hearts have become chilled by advancing years, our judgment warped by long familiarity with the habitual sarcasm and irony of the cultivated world. "Virginibus puerisque" is the fitting epigraph of all the works of his maturer age; and he had courage enough to show men that, in order to appreciate and enjoy him, they must become as children, and put on afresh the natural simplicity which they had cast aside as the garment of their boyhood. And he succeeded with more than mere literary success. "The mighty charm of his song not only touched the imaginations of men, but also their consciences." He made, indeed, no durable impression on his age; the glow excited by his popularity was faint and transient; yet, such as it was, it seemed for a moment to produce a superficial thaw on the ice of a thousand years, and to bring men back to the times of which we dream rather than read, when genius, and virtue, and crime itself, wore the coloring of romance.

To Göthe all this transparent singleness of enthusiasm was as foreign as to his own Mephistopheles. Even in his best moods, his feeling for it was only that of an artist for a beautiful model. His disposition was not, indeed, mocking, nor had he the turn for burlesque and ridicule; his efforts in this line being among the least happy of his compositions. But he had attained a higher degree in the science of negation than Mephistopheles himself. He had attained to that profounder sophistry by which men, instead of acting the common part of devils' advocates, to pull down ordinary sainthood, create artificial virtues out of the weaknesses of humanity, and canonize saints of a new and questionable order. He studied by preference the foibles and shortcomings of his fellow-mortals; varnished them over with the brilliancy of style and sentiment; and, while professing all respect for ordinary doctrines and ethics, sought to prove that the real religion of man's heart, and the real end of his existence, lie in the refined cultivation of the mind and affections, and in subjecting all irregular impulses to a course of disciplined self-indulgence.

To Göthe, therefore, Schiller's heroes and heroines were mere unrealities—creatures of the poet's fancy. Schiller, he saw, was no observer of nature, and never depicted either human life or things external as he found them. He was conscious, on the other hand, of his own extraordinary powers of observing both. And this fundamental difference between their two habits of mind appears to us to be what he originally meant to express by the phrase, that "Schiller's genius was 'subjective,' his own 'objective.'" A phrase which had also some apparent foundation in Schiller's Kantian notions; and which Göthe's supremacy has absolutely imposed on German criticism, until the epithets "objective," "many-

sided," and such like Teutonicisms, have become almost as inseparably attached to the name of Göthe, as "judicious" to that of Hooker, or "venerable" to that of Bede. It is a bold thing to controvert such received canons; but less bold than it would be if Göthe himself had not been the original propounder of them—Göthe, who, like many others, was never so little infallible as when he judged of himself. We cannot but think that if the two epithets had been reversed, they would more accurately have described their subjects.

That Schiller never reproduced nature is true; but he never reproduced himself. He saw nature at second-hand—through books. He studied the classics till he raised for himself a new Olympus, with all its starry deities. He studied history until its characters arose before his fancy like living beings, only in that glorified state in which—

Strength was gigantic, valor high,
And wisdom soared beyond the sky.

All his creations, therefore, were drawn from an imaginary world; but still it was a world wholly external to himself. His characters may be brilliant phantoms, if you will, but assuredly they are not so many Schillers. They are no mere reflections from his own individual being. Schiller's personality scarcely enters more into his poetry than Shakspeare's or Scott's.

We believe, on the other hand, that those who are in earnest in their love of Göthe, will generally agree with us as to the great source of his power; namely, that it is strictly subjective, in the most intelligible sense of that word. It has its origin in that strong predominance of the egotistical and self-analytic tendencies, which at once tempted and enabled him to transfer his own personality to the characters with which his imagination was dealing, and to call forth, in doing so, the corresponding egotism of the reader. If Göthe's situations are often dramatic, his characters are seldom so. When called on to exhibit energy or passion, they are apt to respond either with weakness or ranting. It is with the incomplete, the vague, the purposeless in human nature, that he seems by preference to concern himself; and for this very reason he addresses himself directly to the large majority of the educated classes of mankind. What Shakspeare has done in one or two characters only, and as an exception, Göthe does with all those in which his genius delights itself. Truly did Hazlitt remark, that the charm of the character of Hamlet lies neither in dramatic power, nor in external resemblance to nature, but in the strange manner in which its working and peculiarities correspond with our own—"It is we who are Hamlet." How thoroughly this saying is applicable to Göthe, every day's additional study of his works will reveal to his admirer. None of his best remembered impersonations have the force of will, the power of action, which are commonly exhibited by dramatic artists in their

leading characters. They are capricious, dreamy, and for the most part even unimpassioned creatures—acted upon, rather than acting, meditating on life rather than taking part in it. But they are ourselves. It is the reader who is Faust, who is (or was, alas!) Werter—who is the real Wilhelm Meister. And it is impossible not to feel that the reason why the poet succeeds in so wonderful a manner in thus delineating us to ourselves, is because the features are in reality drawn, not from observation but from self-inspection; that he has brought forth the secrets of his own heart in order to elicit those of ours, and to make us conscious of a thousand hidden tendencies and feelings in ourselves, of which we had only a dim perception until they were thus evoked by the representation of their shadows.

This main characteristic of Göthe's genius is obvious enough. It is not so easy to detect (but the examination well repays itself) the singular manner in which it mingles with, and gives completeness and strength to, the other powers which he so largely possessed. No one contests his wonderful acuteness of observation both of human nature and also of the external world. And yet, even with respect to the latter, and much more the former, his observation is comparatively cold—his description inanimate—unless he can, in a manner, project himself into them, and insinuate his own heart and mind into his analysis of those of others—his own way of perceiving Nature into his portraits of Nature herself. According to his own confession, and the researches of his admirers, there is scarcely one of his stories of life which is not founded on real incident. Those inserted in *Wilhelm Meister* are said to be all examples. Power of inventing a plot he seems to have had little or none. His way was either to take one from books, or, still more commonly, from actual occurrences. Characters which struck him, and adventures of which he was cognizant personally or from hearsay, make up the staple of his narratives. And yet he rarely appears to be painting character simply, and as external to himself. Take certain circumstances of life, certain qualities of mind and heart, to form an imaginary person—how would the individual Göthe think and feel, were he that person? This seems to be the invariable problem which he sets himself to solve. Nay, we must apply the same test even to his descriptions of outward nature and events, if we wish to appreciate them thoroughly. The forests of the Hartz, the gorgeous cloud-land of the high Alps in winter, the lakes of Lombardy, the bay of Naples, the march of an invading army, the vicissitudes of a siege—few have represented these, even as mere pictures, with greater skill and fidelity. But the pictures lose the greater part of their charm unless the reader has made himself familiar with the mind of the author, and can see them with the eyes of Göthe himself, and partake in his sensations. Wieland saw this thoroughly, when the herd of German critics were praising Göthe's supposed "objectivity" and

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"realism." "The specialty" (says he, speaking of the "Swiss Travels") "which here, as in almost all his works, distinguishes him from Homer and Shakspeare, is that the 'I,' the 'Ille Ego,' glimmers through everywhere, although without ostentation and with consummate delicacy." Göthe himself was at the bottom no less aware of it. It was (no doubt) a real perception of this leading peculiarity of his own genius, though he often affected to disguise it from himself and others, which made him sometimes recognize that the bulk of his writings were in truth addressed to particular classes only. "My works," he said to Eckermann, "never can be popular; they are not written for the multitude, but only for individual men whose pursuits and aims are like my own."

A curious exemplification of this leading peculiarity will be found in the history of the composition of the "Sorrows of Werter," about which many stories have been told; but the latest and most authentic seems to be given by Herr Dünzer in a separate chapter of one of the works before us. After Göthe's disappointment of the heart in the matter of his fair Alsatian, Friederike, he fell into one of those states of tender melancholy, in which a youth of twenty-three generally resorts to the society of the first fair sympathizer whom he can find, purely for friendly consolation. Such a comforter he soon found in a somewhat *bourgeoise* young lady whose paternal appellation now appears to have been Miss Charlotte Buff. To her he confided his sorrows, and from her he exacted sympathy and advice, at such unwarrantable length that poor Charlotte, who had no objection to a bit of romance, provided it ended in the orthodox form of a proposal, grew tired, and entered into a matter-of-fact engagement with a very matter-of-fact friend of both parties, Christian Kestner. The discovery of this treason made Göthe quite certain that he was actually in love with the lady to whom he had never chosen to communicate his feelings, and threw him into all the despair of rejected and betrayed attachment. Just at this crisis of his history happened the tragic history of young Jerusalem—him of the buff waistcoat and yellow breeches—whose fatal passion is recounted in the "Dichtung und Wahrheit." The two events combined—his own disappointment and Jerusalem's—engendered the "Sorrows of Werter." Werter is Jerusalem and Göthe at once; he wears the costume, he undergoes the sufferings, he talks in many instances the very language (borrowed from his posthumous papers) of that too fascinating foreign-office clerk; but he is throughout what Göthe would have been, had he been Jerusalem; the imaginary transposition of the poet into the perplexities and distresses of his acquaintance. And thus a work which, let critics speak of it as they may, has excited the fancy and controlled the hearts of numbers of mankind, is spun out of the brain of a poet from materials which consist simply of his own heart and imagination, placed in circumstances of idealized truth; for "Jerusalem" seems, after all, to have been only a young attaché

of considerable solemnity and self-respect—his flame, the real Charlotte—according to the testimony of the Prince de Ligne—was not worth knowing; and her *double*, Charlotte Kestner, *née* Buff, must have been little better, judging from the cold manner in which Göthe speaks of her, whom he occasionally met in after life.*

But if the real tendency of Göthe's genius was thus thoroughly subjective or egotistical, so much the less was he a dramatist in the peculiar sense of the word. Portraiture of character, independent of self, he has really little enough. This the reader can best appreciate by reflecting how few of the secondary figures in Göthe's plays or novels he can realize to himself, or regard with the smallest interest. The only exception of which we are aware proves the rule in the strongest possible manner. He is said to be particularly successful in the delineation of a certain class of female characters, in which he has met with many imitators; beings whose attraction lies in their simple and trustful dependence on man as a superior—Mignon, Clara, Margaret. But the true charm of these imaginary beings lies less in themselves than in their relation to us—in the feelings of protection and supremacy to which they appeal—in the flattery they administer to masculine vanity and self-glorification.

We will only add, in order to dispose of an objection to our view which might be taken, that it is by no means inconsistent with what has been already said, to recognize Göthe's great excellence in one peculiarly dramatic point—that accuracy of keeping which represents everything as seen and felt by the party introduced, not as seen and felt by the describer. It is, in fact, not difficult to see the real connection between this quality and that strong personality which we have already attributed to him. It was precisely because Göthe projected so much of himself into the characters and scenes of his writings, that he made the events described develop themselves from the point of view of his own *dramatis personæ*, never as they

* See Dünzer, p. 89, &c. It seems that Herr Kestner was not particularly pleased with the part of the philosophic husband, assigned to him in "Werter," and that Göthe was forced to retouch the character considerably in the second edition, without succeeding in thoroughly pacifying him; but Göthe was by this time deep in his new passion for the fashionable Frankfurt belle, Miss Schönmann, and "Werter" had become weariness and vexation to him. It must have been with some malicious pleasure in mystifying his admirers, that Göthe emerged from the gloom of "Werter" into the graceful pleasantry of his various poems to "Lili:" such as those exquisite lines in which he complains of her tyranny in drawing him from the dreamy voluptuousness of a poet's study into her favorite evening parties:—

Warum ziehst du mich unwiderstehlich,
Ach! in jene Pracht?
War ich guter Junge nicht so selig
In der öden Nacht?

Heimlich in mein Zimmerchen verschlossen
Lag im Mondenschein,
Ganz von seinem Schauerlicht durchflossen,
Und ich dämmert' ein.

Bin Ich's noch, den du bei so viel Lichtern
An den Spieltisch hältst?
Oft so unerträglichen Gesichtern
Gegenüber stellst? &c., &c.

would be perceived by a third party observing from without. This is a point on which great objective talent—great power of picturesque description, for instance—is apt to lead its possessor astray, unless balanced by predominant egotism. A criticism of Göthe's on a passage of Walter Scott, though it relates in terms only to a matter of pictorial effect, will illustrate our general meaning also. It relates to the scene in "Ivanhoe," where the Jew of York enters Cedric's hall. The costume of the Jew is minutely described, and, among the rest, the dress of his legs and feet. Now this, says Göthe, is wrong; for you are to suppose yourself in the position of Cedric and his guests; they are sitting at a table, with lights; and by persons so placed the details of the lower limbs of one who enters the room are not remarked, and in fact are hardly distinguishable. A similar instance of forgetfulness, more glaring because the narrative is thrown into the first person, occurs in "Mazzeppa."

The sky was cold, and dull, and gray,
And a low breeze crept moaning by.

The breeze was perceptible enough to Byron's muse, no doubt; but how could it possibly be felt by a man carried through the air, at full gallop, on horseback? Similar errors, in relation to things of more importance than pictorial effect—the development of thought or passion—will constantly be found in writers of the highest order of what is commonly called dramatic power. The poet is substituted for his subject. We should be surprised at meeting with such instances in Göthe. Not only are they contrary to his careful touch, but he transforms himself, for the time, far too completely into the person whom he introduces—whether as an agent or a mere observer—to forget that imaginary existence which is become, for the time, his own.

In thus endeavoring to delineate some of the strongest literary characteristics of this great writer, we are conscious of having made a long digression from our immediate purpose, which was to regard him as a social philosopher, and with reference to his moral influence on the European mind. But, in truth, the one subject bears materially and directly on the other. If we have labored, perhaps at unnecessary length, to show that an intense and refined egotism was among the principal elements of Göthe's literary genius, it was in order to illustrate his philosophic character; with the view of showing how his very excellences, considered from the point of view of literary art, fitted him for the distinction of being the ablest and most successful of modern teachers in the school of Epicurus. Nor were the peculiarities of his temper and habits different from what his writings would lead the reader to anticipate. His whole history shows how abundantly he practised what he preached; how self was the single divinity worshipped by him, with a refined and chastened worship, no doubt, during his long eighty years of life and activity.

"Göthe," says Menzel, with much the same meaning as ours, "adhered, in his writings, to nature; to the nearest nature; to his own. His own nature stood in exactest harmony with that which had become the reigning character of the modern world. He was the clearest mirror of modern life in his own life, as well as in his poetry. He needed only to delineate himself in order to delineate the modern world, its turn of sentiment, its inclinations, its worth, and its worthlessness. * * * The talent of outward life, the arts of convenience, ease, and refinement, daintiness of enjoyment, were his talisman in reality, and, again, appeared to him the worthiest object of poetry; inasmuch as he only mirrored the advantages which his own life and person represented."

Menzel's splenetic tone and coarse inflation of style have detracted from the real value of his criticisms; but the justice of this sentiment will scarcely admit of dispute. Not that Göthe was a selfish man in the vulgar sense. His disposition was, in the main, amiable and tolerant; and widely different in these respects from that of his French predecessors, with whom we have associated him. He was averse from giving pain, as well as peculiarly averse from encountering it himself. But all this was consistent in him, as it is in many others, with habits of mental self-indulgence carried even to the extreme. From his youth upward, he loved to live in an atmosphere of his own, and found himself most at his ease in the company of those whose position, in respect of age, talents, or sex, induced them to look up to him as a superior. He remarks, in his own memoirs, on the peculiarity which led him to surround himself with younger dependents, often to his ultimate inconvenience, as they became burdens to him, like Mignon to Wilhelm. Nor was this unconnected with a manner of affected importance and superiority, which, notwithstanding his popularity, always placed a kind of barrier between him and men of his own age and social position. Kestner remarked of him when only twenty-four, "Göthe is a genius; yet he has in his disposition a good deal which may make him a disagreeable man. But among children and women he is always well received." Further acquaintance with life, and a strong determination to succeed in the world, modified to a considerable extent these peculiarities of his youth; and he was never so popular or so successful, personally, as during the years which intervened between his establishment at Weimar and his Italian journey, (1775—1787.) Those were happy years. Few poets have ever enjoyed so much of life. There was all the excitement of winning his way into the favor, the confidence, the intimate friendship, of the young grand duke and duchess. There was the easy rivalry with the other literary heroes of the time, whom he could beat at their own weapons as an author, while in all the qualities which ensure social success, he was incomparably

their superior. There was the endless round of court life, as practised by the free and easy sovereigns of that day who had thrown aside German etiquette;—the life to which Catherine now and then imperially condescended, which poor Marie Antoinette tasted with timid and stealthy delight, but in which the potentates of Weimar might revel without fear of strangling or decapitation;—hunting parties, gypsy excursions, serenades, pic-nics, theatricals, from January to December. There was just the show of state-business for him as the grand duke's intimate privy councillor, which might serve either as a diversion from courtly dissipation, or an excuse for it. There was all that refinement of the social circle which Göthe prized so highly; a little, perhaps, in the spirit of a *parvenu*, but also with a poet's admiration for external elegance and beauty; which he carried to a strange extent, according to his disciple, Varnhagen von Ense, who remarks that in later life, Göthe's principal associates were all tall and handsome men, like himself, and that he had a decided antipathy to plain people. There was, above all, full leisure for the development of his growing genius, and his surpassing mental activity; while his bodily and mental health alike profited by the opportunity.

But this enjoyment palled upon him from its very excess, and also from the want of what Byron called, "something craggý to break upon;"—some one powerful and engrossing occupation of the mind. For his literary pursuits were up to this time singularly broken and inconsequent. When the world of Weimar was conquered—when his own position was fairly attained, and there was no longer any object to be gained by exerting himself to please others, the tendency to insulation came back upon him with redoubled force. The restraints of Weimar life, the ties of society and office, became intolerable. It was in order to get rid of them at once, and definitively, that he planned and executed his Italian journey, in that strange manner which he has himself related so well; partly also (we suppose we must add, since the publication of his correspondence with Frau von Stein) to break through the trammels of one of those tender friendships, of antediluvian prolixity, in which the *literati* of the last century were apt to involve themselves. This journey was, in many respects, the turning point of his life. For him, as for most men, the river Lethe flowed on the other side of the Alps. He forgot his former sense and being on the further shore. During his eighteen months in Italy, he satisfied one great want of his existence, by the acquisition of a permanent object; for it was then he conceived, or at least matured, those peculiar views of natural philosophy which occupied him so much and so happily during the remainder of his days. But how far his genius gained in its higher qualities by the change which it then underwent, is a question on which critics are widely at issue. Meantime, however this may be, it is

certain that the habits which he acquired tended in no degree to efface the moral weaknesses of his character. Freed from the restraints imposed on him by the usages of the Weimar literary republic, and left much to himself, or to the company of one or two artists and travellers, he relapsed into habits of self-contemplation and self-worship, until they became unconquerable. Even one of his greatest admirers, Chancellor von Müller, (the author of "Göthe in seiner praktischen Wirksamkeit,") is forced to confess that he came back from Italy a man altered for the worse; colder, less expansive, more self-important. Nor did he ever get rid of these defects, and return to the more attractive self of his earlier days, notwithstanding the beneficial results produced on his nature for a time, as already said, by contact with that of Schiller; a nature assuredly far more generous and unworldly than Göthe's own, although the latter has chosen to say, with that singular affectation, or paradoxical turn, which so often disconcerts his readers—"Schiller had far more knowledge of the world and tact than I had!"

On the later years of Göthe's life, we confess, that for our own parts, we dwell with little pleasure. We do not complain of his biographers, when they naturally dilate on the glories of his venerable old age—his exalted position as the living oracle of German intelligence—the honor, love, obedience, and troops of friends that waited on him to the last. All this is externally true; and yet to us, his friends, with a few grand exceptions, seem chiefly to have belonged to the class of flatterers, Boswells, and "correspondents of leading literary journals;" his oracular dignity to have degenerated into a trick of mysteriousness, involving the most trivial commonplaces in solemn affectation of importance; and the chief pleasure of his life to have lain in the conduct of semi-sentimental correspondences with women for whom he cared not an iota, but whom it was his delight to lead on, by flattering mutually their vanity and his own, until the consummation was reached of involving them in something like a romantic passion for the great unapproachable.

It is a true remark of Menzel's—and connected with much that we have said above—that in almost all Göthe's works, that peculiar view of the relations between the sexes, under which man is the courted party, and woman the submissive worshipper, is brought out in the principal characters. Whether, in the odd vicissitudes of the world, the element introduced by chivalry into these relations has expended itself, and later refinement is likely to bring us back from adoring Gloriana and Angelica, to being adored by Chryseis and Briseis, we will not undertake to foretell; though the popularity of such writers as Göthe and Byron would certainly seem to point that way. His "Faust," "Egmont," "Edward" in the *Wahlverwandtschaften*, "Wilhelm Meister," are all either condescending divinities

or mere male coquettes; and his most attractive female characters seem all to belong to poor Helena's sect:

Thus Indian-like,
Religious in mine error, I adore
The Sun, that looks upon his worshipper,
But knows of him no more.

Nay, the curious reader may even remark, in connection with this subject, on the fondness of his heroines, particularly in "Wilhelm Meister," for assuming male attire—a topic on which Varnhagen von Ense has a luculent dissertation, showing that it is connected with some of the deepest historical meanings of the eighteenth century, the Reformation, and the Revolution; but which may also be, in part, an expression of the same prevailing view of the female nature as imitative and dependent. And we may pursue the same pervading thread of imagination in the most dramatic specimens of Göthe's ballad poetry, such as the "Bride of Corinth," and the "God and the Bayadere."

Such, in some of the more important points of his character, was the man for whom Destiny had reserved so marked a place in an age when the fiercest passions and wildest enthusiasm were at work in the European world, recasting its social institutions and remodelling the temper of its inhabitants. "The greatest men," saith the fair blue-stocking of the Wahlverwandschaften, Ottilia, in her Diary, "are always connected with their age through some one weakness." If this can be predicated of Göthe, his weakness rather lay in an intense desire to shrink from its violent emotions—to combat in himself all tendency to share in its passions—to let the storm pass by, and avoid meddling with those who attempted to direct it. And this it is, more than any other quality, which has rendered him, not unjustly, unpopular with a great part of the living generation. It is felt that he owed a corresponding debt to the country which worshipped him, and that he died without discharging it. It was not through mere accident, or the force of mere scholastic causes, that the sect of the Epicureans prevailed at Rome during the last agitated century of its republic, while Stoicism became the reigning intellectual fashion under the empire. For refined and cultivated minds, when looking for shelter from the evils of the times in a world of their own, naturally try to make that world as unlike as possible to the external one. They seek refuge in philosophic self-indulgence from the furious passions, the exaggerated sentiments of an age of civil turmoil; while, on the same principle of contrast, they court, at least in imagination, the excitements of ascetic virtue, amidst the corrupt stagnation of despotism. To preserve the tranquillity of Epicurus in the busy political times on which he had fallen, was Göthe's constant and patient endeavor. The French revolution came to disturb the dreams of art and imaginative science, in which his Italian sojourn had lapped him. He

had no sympathy with its principles, and hated its agents. But to call out another enthusiasm to oppose it was utterly alien from his feelings. His trumpet sounded, indeed, a note of defiance—but a very faint one—in Herman and Dorothea. But what is the moral of the poem, as summed up in the energetic lines which close it? Seek steadfastness during days of political trial in self-reliance, and take good care of your property:—

Desto fester sey bei der allgemeinen Erschütterung,
Dorothea, der Muth. Wir wollen halten und dauern,
Fest uns halten, und fest der schönen Güter Besitzthum.

But when the tumult of revolution had ended in military supremacy, and Germany lay prostrate under the armed might of its conqueror, then it was, in the hour of his country's greatest need, that he most deeply disappointed the hopes of the ardent and pure-minded portion of its people. Not a generous sentiment escaped him; hardly even an exhortation to resolute and high-minded endurance. Keep to yourselves, was the answer of the oracle to inquiring millions; let the evil days pass by; use whatever of æsthetic and social enjoyment the conqueror has left you. Even the oppressions which the gallant German spirit of his intimate friend, the Grand Duke of Weimar, had to endure from Napoleon, called forth from him scarcely a feeble spark of indignation. In his "Tag und Jahres Hefte," his skeleton memoirs of his life during all this period, there is a studied abstinence from all allusion to political events; an affectedly exclusive attention to the trivial vicissitudes of the stage and criticism at Weimar. He never concealed his admiration for the tyrant himself, whom he professed to venerate as one of the "Dämonische Männer,"—the Genii of the earth, and encouraged a kind of worship of Napoleon in his own family;—Napoleon, who had done him the honor of suggesting some corrections in a forthcoming edition of Werter!—"how could I have taken up arms without hate?" was his defence of himself to Eckermann, "and I never hated the French. How could I, to whom nothing is of importance except cultivation and barbarism, hate one of the most cultivated nations in the world, and one to which I owe so large a portion of my own development?" It is really a relief to reflect on the Nemesis which followed—on the sense of weariness and self-abasement with which the poet must have come forward in 1815, as the old hack laureate of Germany, to dedicate odes of courtly patriotism to the allied sovereigns, and compliment the nation on the "waking of Epimenides."

Such Göthe remained during the less violent but more deeply seated disturbances of political society in his later years. We are not among those who quarrel with him for not having been a democrat, or a German-Unionist, from 1815 to 1830—reproaches which, however popular some years ago, have lost some of their force, at least with thinking men, in the year 1850. Nor do we think it necessary to assume the indignation

with which German liberalism regarded his conduct in the matter of the prosecution of Oken, the editor of the *Isis*, and his opposition to the freedom of the press. In this, as on the occasion of Fichte's expulsion from Weimar, in 1798, Göthe, probably, did no more than his official duty, although he certainly seems to have done it with no reluctance. His real offence consisted, not in adopting this or that class of opinions, but in repressing all political faith whatever; in encouraging, as far as in him lay, men of thoughtful disposition to keep aloof from all public movement as unworthy of them, or, at best, to substitute for political activity a kind of dilettante meddling with the organization of labor—(a notion, by the way, into which entered a good deal of Socialism, according to Göthe's particular manner of conceiving it;) and in teaching them to consider this, as well as all other concerns, far subordinate to the grand object of developing their own powers of enjoyment, and so turning up the soil of the heart and intellect as to enable it to receive to the best advantage all the genial influences of life. It was the popularity of this doctrine, more, perhaps, than any other cause, which kept back talent and honesty from state affairs, handed over the multitudes of the German population exclusively to the control of fanatical or interested demagogues, and leaves the country even now without the formation of any strong and massive public opinion, between democracy on one hand and bayonets on the other.

Göthe's unpatriotic spirit has been severely commented on in later times by his enemies, and scarcely defended by his admirers. Nothing but the amiable simplicity of a biographer could find in it an overflow of feeling, too big to vent itself in words, or could extend the same apology to his coldness on subjects of religion and ethics. "In the depths of his heart," says Dünzer, "there pulsed the warmest feelings for a free, united, and powerful Germany. That he did not display this sentiment ostentatiously to the world, but kept it close within himself, as fearing to desecrate it by any publicity, is to be explained by the same reservedness of disposition which hindered him from giving outward expression to all his other holiest feelings—belief in God, hope of immortality, love of his wife—whence malicious misunderstanding has often enough been pleased to deny him these feelings altogether; and in particular his profound respect for the sanctity of the conjugal tie; as to which (to the astonishment of Oberhofprediger Reinhard) he held the severest principles."

It is not, however, in respect of his connection with the mere political movements of the time that Göthe has to render before the tribunal of posterity a serious account for the good and evil use made of his extraordinary genius. His is a far heavier responsibility. It is on the interior relations of society, and on the moral progress of man, that the peculiar and fatal characteristic of his philosophy, the deification of self, has had far

more extensive and enduring effect. No one, well acquainted with his writings, and uninfluenced by that strong delusion which he contrived to throw round those who entered within his Castle of Indolence, can be misled by the deceitful show of virtuous feeling with which he invests the merest selfishness; the Pantheistic coloring which he gives to the merest irreligion; or his own pompous assertions of his virtuous tendencies, and declamations on the beauty of those ethical laws of which he was, consciously or not, sapping the very foundations. What is "Wilhelm Meister"—purposeless, unmeaning as it is as a simple work of art, a collection of stories ill strung together by a disjointed narrative, and of *dramatis persone* without plot or action—this "menagerie of tame animals," as Niebuhr called it—but an elaborate exposition of the vanity of all aspirations of the soul beyond itself: a long lecture on the duty of cultivated and rational enjoyment, of subjecting every irregular impulse to the grand object of harmoniously blending sensual and intellectual delights in the nicest proportions! "Wilhelm Meister" (such was the oracle which Göthe delivered to Eckermann) "is a most incalculable production! I myself can scarcely be said to have the key! The critic seeks a central point, which is in truth hard to find!" Others, guided by very simple instincts, thought they "found the key" without difficulty. Some religious men (Leopold Stolberg, and Göthe's own brother-in-law, Schlosser) were weak enough to deem it worthy of an *Auto-da-fé*; Stolberg, however, excepting from the flames the sixth book, which he bound by itself as a manual of Pietism. Other admirers of the poet have taken similar pains to find out a moral tendency in the "Wahlverwandschaften;" Göthe himself was pleased to say, (to the astonishment of others besides Oberhofprediger Reinhard,) that it was an "act of homage to the sanctity of the conjugal tie;" but sounder-hearted readers will probably pronounce with Vilmar, ("Geschichte der Deutschen classischen Literatur," vol. ii., p. 231.) that its leading thought merely is, that "subordination to duty is mental disease, obedience to sentiment is mental health;" a "leading thought," of which, since Göthe's death, eminent female writers, both French and German, have been the chief propounders.

From such moral absurdities as these, when thus exhibited as mere fragments of a system, many minds of the purer class will turn away, not only with aversion, but without even that kind of interest which bolder profligacy inspires. But to judge of the real power of Göthe in this respect, the reader must be familiar with his writings in general, and impregnated with that peculiar sympathy which genius such as his will, in the long run, elicit in those who become familiar with it. Then it will be felt that of all false religions, his is the most subtle, the most tempting, the most attractive, from its very approximation to the

truth. It flatters the evil nature of man, not, primarily, through appeals to his passion, or his intellect, or his generous feelings, but to that which is dearer than either—his pride: the pride of conquest, to be achieved over himself and the world alike; the pride of exclusiveness, like that felt by the initiated of those ancient mysteries from which the dull in mind and the feeble in courage were contemptuously excluded; the pride of becoming, in imagination, as a God, knowing good and evil.

Your victory, says this philosophy to its catechumen, must first be over yourself. You are beset by the temptations of the world and the flesh, the lust of the eye and the pride of life. These are not of themselves evil; nor is the utmost enjoyment of them in itself inconsistent with that transcendent tranquillity, the chief good and object of our earthly pilgrimage. All evil lies in the opposition between our own natures, imperfect as we are in our perceptions, capricious in our longings, unreasonable in our expectations, and that orderly reality which, under manifold appearances of contradiction, prevails in things without.

Denn alle Kraft dringt vorwärts in die Weite,
Zu leben und zu wirken hier und dort:
Dagegen engt und hemmt von jeder Seite
Der Strom der Welt und reisst uns mit sich fort.
In diesem innern Sturm und äussern Streite
Vernimmt der Mensch ein schwer verstanden Wort:
Von der Gewalt, die alle Wesen bindet,
Befreit der Mensch sich, der sich überwindet.

Sobriety, watchfulness, discipline, above all a thorough understanding of ourselves, a knowledge of what we can do and wherein we must fall short of our aims—these are the true means of victory which nature has placed within the reach of all. But few there are who learn to use them. Few are they who, like the candidates for knighthood of old, can endure the long hours of fasting and prayer within the nightly chapel, though morning is to welcome them to all the bright and joyous activity of their new vocation.

But this once achieved, the world is thine. Thine are all the blandishments of sense; for thou canst use without abusing them. Thine the gratifications of the intellect; for thou knowest the limits of its functions, and canst therefore enjoy its fullest exercise, without that blank disappointment which the sense of unsatisfied aims brings to less chastised minds. Thine the delights of sentiment, by whatever name it be called—love, enthusiasm, generosity; nay, the sterner pleasures of asceticism and self-discipline; for thou canst separate the true from the seeming, the reality of the sentiment from the falsehood of the idolatry which underlies it, and canst savor the one without chewing the bitter ashes of the other. All that Pagan philosophies have imagined of their sages and adepts, all that esoteric Christian sects have held of the state of the spiritually emancipated—all these things in their inmost sense are true of thee. Thus fortified, life will be to thee one uninterrupted career of advance and of pro-

gressive happiness; and as for death, who must come at last—

O selig der, dem Er im Siegesglanze
Die blutigen Lorbeern um die Schläfe windet,
Den Er, nach rasch durchrastem Tanze,
In eines Mädchen's Armen findet.

But happier than either, he who passes, fully prepared and fearless, into that state of existence, which, unless our deepest sympathies deceive us, can but afford the wise a sphere for widening exertion, and more comprehensive enjoyment.

This, we are well aware, is a very imperfect exposition of the general tendency of Göthe's view of life; yet we think that most readers—most English reader at all events—will accept it as not an unjust one; and the more so in proportion to their familiarity with the author. And, if so, they will assuredly agree with us, that genius of the highest order was never employed in developing a system more seductive to human weakness, nor one which more forcibly reminds us of the ominous words with which Bunyan concludes his allegory:—"Then saw I that there is a way to hell even from the gates of heaven, as well as from the city of Destruction."

And its effects have been proportionally great. Considering the sphere of Göthe's operations from a mere literary point of view, it can, indeed, scarcely be said that he has formed a school of imitators, like his predecessors, Voltaire and Rousseau. As a poet his followers of note have not been numerous, nor (with the exception of Rückert and one or two more) very successful. His peculiar tone as a novelist seems, as we have already remarked, to have been chiefly caught by female writers; and we have no wish on the present occasion to break lances with the admirers of sundry countesses and citoyennes, who enjoy a very respectable amount of popularity. But in his more important functions as a moral philosopher there can be no doubt that his labors have fructified abundantly, and that his system, if so it may be called, is continuing to make its conquests at the expense of the mechanical Deism, and the unreal but generous Sentimentalism of a former generation.

That there has been a great reaction against it is also true; but the reaction of bitterness, of wild and impotent disappointment, not of sound faith or solid principle. The school of Börne is quite as destitute of either as that of Göthe himself. Nay, some of the latter's successors and antagonists have endeavored to place humanity, if possible, on a still lower stage than he did. He only taught us, at the worst, to cherish and cultivate those middle impulses of our nature which seem to occupy a doubtful place between the divine and the bestial; some of these seem bent on persuading us that our grossest animal appetites are equally sacred with any other portions of our deified selves.

From such a chaos as this—the hitherto final result from a century's labor of those great sovereigns who have thus successively reigned in

in moral philosophy and literature—the mind turns anxiously towards a future which must assuredly arrive, although as yet there are no signs of its approach. The pride of false system must be thoroughly mortified, ingenious sophistry must have exhausted its last shifts, disappointed aspirations after superhuman greatness must have ended in utter self-abasement, before men will deign to retrace their steps, and submit to the humiliating but inevitable palinode, “Incende quod adorasti, adora quod incendisti.” Many a revolution, social and political, must first pass over the European world. In religion, in ethics, in mental science, men’s minds must long continue to oscillate, as they do now, between the most abject superstitions and the wildest infidelities, and find scanty resting-place in the intervals. So it must be, until some voice of one speaking with authority shall rouse them once more, by collecting all that is true in modern moral philosophy, and incorporating it with the one leading principle of man’s relation to God—not as a portion to the whole, a fraction of spirit to some great Anima Mundi in which it originates, but as creature to Creator, subject to Sovereign, responsible agent to his Master, weak and imperfect nature to Him who can purify and exalt it. But the hour is not yet come, nor the man.

TURKS AT A FIRE.—“I was not long at Constantinople before I came in for what is of very frequent occurrence there, namely, a fire. Indeed, I believe that, as a storm is said to be always going on in some part of the sea, so a conflagration, larger or smaller, is always raging in some part of the narrow wooden streets of Stamboul. The people have few public amusements, and this is considered one of the best, if I may judge by the demeanor of the crowds whose singular bearing was to me more interesting than the spectacle I witnessed in common with them. At first I knew not what it meant. I had observed that vast multitudes were moving with what, for a Turk, is haste, toward the court of one of their mosques, and, stationing themselves, as soon as they had reached it, on the steps, balustrades, and every spot whence a view was commanded. Joining their company I discovered the cause of the assembly in a whole street from which clouds of smoke were rising, and from which it was every moment expected that the flames would burst. Nothing could exceed the business-like alacrity of those who struggled for a place in the balconies, or the placid enjoyment of those who had attained one. In expectation of the event piles of carpets, pillows, and cushions had been already brought from the neighboring houses, and placed wherever room could be found. On those comfortable seats the multitude had established themselves, the men in one part, sedately smoking, the women in another, now looking on and now playing with their children. In a moment refreshments of all sorts were provided—sweetmeats, confectionery, and sherbet, by a number of rival purveyors, who advanced with unalarmed alacrity amid the smoke and falling sparks, plainly considering the scene of destruction a sort of ‘benefit,’ got up for their especial behoof, and unceremoniously elbowing to one side the police,

who rushed, with pails of water on their heads, to the rescue of the burning houses.

“In a few minutes more the flames burst out with a loud crash, mounting high into the heavens, and flinging an exciting and pleasurable heat into the face of the crowds who, without ever removing their pipes, (except to drink,) gazed with silent but impassioned interest on a scene which, to them, was no more a matter of surprise than a street-preacher would be in Edinburgh, a ‘Funziane’ at Rome, or Punchinello at Naples. Among the calm crowd of spectators were the proprietors of the burning houses, smoking like their neighbors, and well assured that their loss had been determined by Allah long before the Prophet was born.”

De Vere, Sketches.

WORDS FOR MUSIC.

BY REV. DR. BETHUNE.

I LOVE to sing when I am glad —
 Song is the echo of my gladness;
 I love to sing when I am sad,
 Till song makes sweet my very sadness;
 ’Tis pleasant time,
 When voices chime
 To some sweet rhyme in concert only;
 And song to me
 Is company—
 Good company when I am lonely.

Whene’er I greet the morning light,
 My song goes forth in thankful numbers,
 And ’mid the shadows of the night,
 I sing me to my welcome slumbers.
 My heart is stirred
 By each glad bird
 Whose notes are heard in summer’s bowers;
 And song gives birth
 To friendly mirth
 Around the hearth, in wintry hours.

Man first learned song in Paradise,
 From the bright angels o’er him singing;
 And in our home above the skies
 Glad anthems are forever ringing.
 God lends his ear,
 Well pleased to hear
 The songs that cheer his people’s sorrow;
 Till day shall break
 And we shall wake
 Where love will make unfading morrow

Then let me sing while yet I may,
 Like him God loved, the sweet-tongued
 Psalmist,
 Who found in harp, and holy lay,
 The charm that keeps the spirit calmest:
 For sadly here
 I need the cheer,
 While sinful fear with promise blendeth;
 O, how I long
 To join the throng,
 Who sing the song that never endeth!

THE seals are very destructive at this season to the salmon in the Tay, and attempts are made to destroy them. The other day five were caught. Pieces of wood set with large hooks are placed in spots that the seals pass over in their way to the water; twelve were caught by the hooks, but seven managed to get away, much lacerated.—*Spect.*

From the Examiner.

THE NEPAULESE AMBASSADORS AND THEIR COUNTRY.

THERE is a certain romance and mystery attending the visit of the strangers of a remote land who are now among us, which has somewhat excited public curiosity, and we propose to gratify it by a rapid sketch of their country and its inhabitants.

The kingdom of Nepal is a narrow strip of land, about 450 miles in length and 100 in breadth, lying between the twenty-sixth and thirty-first degree of north latitude—bounded to the south and west by the British dominions, and those of a British tributary, the King of Oude; to the east by Butan and the paltry state of Sikim, and to the north by Thibet, which is a tributary of China. Nepal, notwithstanding its narrow breadth from north to south, contains, from its locality, every variety of climate. About one fourth of it is in the hot plain of the Ganges; and the remaining three parts lie on the slope of the Indian Andes, from the elevation of 5,000 feet up to the limit of perpetual snow. It is said to contain from 43,000 to 50,000 square miles, and to have 2,000,000 of inhabitants. It may be called the Switzerland of India; but its area is equal to that of three Switzerlands, while the density of its population is no more than one third part as great.

The primeval inhabitants of Nepal are by race short squat Tartars, called Newar, who have a peculiar language, and are by religion Buddhists. But the dominant tribe is of Hindoo origin, although a certain flatness of the nose and an obliquity of the eye attest its admixture with the native inhabitants. At what era, but probably a very remote one, these Hindus first settled in the country, is no better ascertained than any other portion of Hindu history. The party in power, however, are only the fifth generation from the original settlers, and trace their genealogy to the principality of Chittore, in Rajpootana. The whole of this mixed race are of the Hindu religion, and the reigning family of the military caste, or second in rank of the four great original orders of the Hindus; our former visitors, we may here remark, Ram Mohun Roy and Dwarkanat Takoor, being of the highest or sacerdotal, the first of them a Brahmin of Oude descent, and consequently of high estimation, and the latter a native Brahmin of Bengal of much lower reputation. The Gorkahs, for such is the name of the Hindu settlers in the valleys of Nepal, speak a *patois* dialect of the Hindi, which, like the Anglo-Saxon tongue in these kingdoms, is gradually superseding the native languages. The Mahomedan religion has never made any progress in Nepal.

The reigning dynasty of Nepal is of modern origin, having, in oriental fashion, usurped the government from its predecessors hardly one hundred years ago. In the year 1792, the Gorkahs, having established their dominion throughout the valleys and mountains of Nepal, advanced north-

ward and conquered Thibet, when the Chinese, at the time nominal paramount sovereigns of that country, stepped in with an overwhelming army, reported at 70,000, and, routing the Nepaulese in every encounter, chased them back to within a few miles of their capital, Katmandu. The Chinese have ever since held occupation of Thibet, and are consequently the immediate neighbors of the Nepaulese to the north, the British and Chinese frontiers being, therefore, within 100 miles of each other.

In 1814, the encroachments of the Gorkahs on the plain of the Ganges brought on them a war with a more formidable enemy than the Chinese, the English. Their subjugation required two campaigns, full of novelties and adventures, for the mountains were the scene; and the last and most successful one was conducted by a veteran, called, like Rodney, to fight the battles of his country from neglect and retirement. This was the late Sir David Ochterlony, an accomplished man, and a consummate captain, who in ability had no superior in our Indian wars, unless Clive and Wellington. The Nepaulese, worsted by the British, applied in their need to the Chinese viceroy of Thibet, who, seeing no danger from the English, prudently refused to grant it. The letter in which this refusal was given was intercepted, and was in terms highly characteristic of Chinese arrogance. The man of the tail and the button told the suppliants plainly that he knew them of old, and, being well satisfied that they were incorrigible rogues, he informed them that they were very properly and justly chastised by the western barbarians, and must take all consequences. Our cotemporary of the *Times*, in an article on Nepal, says that the Chinese were at first of opinion that the English, if they captured Nepal, might, from this advanced position, find their way to Nankin; but this is simply to fancy the Chinese out of their wits; for to do so would imply a march of 2500 miles, first over the eternally snow-clad Himalaya, higher above the level of the sea than the top of Mount Blanc, and then across the Chinese empire at its greatest breadth.

Peace has now subsisted between the Nepaulese and us for thirty-five years, and we can see no chance of its being interrupted. The occupation of a mountainous region with no more than forty inhabitants to the square mile, would be no temptation to its conquest; and its military occupation would be simply the planting of an expensive garrison, in a situation in which it would not only not add to our strength, but weaken it by dispersing our force. Neither do we think the independence of the Nepaulese in any danger from the Chinese, who by occupying it would only bring themselves into juxtaposition with a power that they now understand but too well, and who, they must be well aware, would not brook the habitual insolence with which they treat weak neighbors.

The Nepaulese, however, situated as they are between two nations, both far too formidable to be

resisted with a poor force of 18,000 men, for such is the amount of their army, may feel their position awkward and embarrassing, and possibly the present mission originates in a desire to ascertain the power, resources, and Indian policy of the most formidable of them. When Hyder Aly was urged by his captains to invade and conquer the possessions of the English in the Carnatic, he used to say that the power in sight was not much, and he had no fear of it, but that he dreaded the mysterious one out of sight, and of which he had no knowledge. The Nepaulese court, then, may be acting on the principle of desiring to ascertain the nature of the mysterious power that is out of sight in Hindustan, and which bewildered the ablest and most formidable of our Indian enemies.

The only man of mark belonging to the Nepaulese mission is its chief, Bahadur Jung, a young man said to be of great talents, (Asiatic talents, ever more subtle than vigorous,) very ambitious, and, from the history of his antecedents, we conclude not specially scrupulous as to means of advancement. He is no prince, in our sense of the word, although the newspapers, fond of swelling titles, call him so. He is indeed a rajpoot, a sufficiently high distinction to any pure Hindu, and as belonging to the hereditary military and governing class, he may, by courtesy, be called a prince, but if so, then he is only one out of some millions of Hindu princes, many of them of purer blood, and serving as "rank and file" in our own seapoy army. His two last names, indeed, pure Sanskrit, mean "son of a prince" or rajpoot, but that is only Eastern bombast. Bahadur Jung is, we may remark, a title somewhat extraneous and preposterous for a Hindu, since they are Persian words, meaning "champion of battle," which he could not well have derived from the Mogul at Delhi, the only authority that could legitimately confer it. We heartily wish his excellency safe back in his native country, with an ample store of European knowledge; and safe when he is there, which is wishing still more for him.

From the Spectator, of 13 July.

EDUCATION OF NATIONS.

THE tribute paid by the French to the memory of Sir Robert Peel ought not only to be dear to those who were dear to him, and to the nation on whose behalf he labored, but it ought also to teach us a lesson. The President of the National Assembly has formally pronounced an expression of regret for the loss which Europe has sustained; and the President of the French General Commission for the Exposition of 1851 has addressed a letter on behalf of that body to the President of the British Commission. "How French!" Very true; by no means "English:" we can't do that kind of thing at all, and we are none the better for the incapacity.

The judgment pronounced upon statesmanship by foreign nations is said to be the judgment of "a cotemporary posterity:" here, then, we see Peel taking his rank among the statesmen of history, by his labors, his clear views, his generous acknowl-

edgment of foreign nations, their wishes and interests. France is able to hold up the mirror of future history to England—a great and friendly office, well suited to a great and generous nation; but we cannot have the honor of returning the kindness, because our formal and trading ideas prevent our holding any national communion on such subjects unless British "interests" are concerned. We can thank a crew for saving an English ship; we should probably find no precedent to embolden our representatives in paying tribute to the memory of any great foreign statesman. Could we even acknowledge the acknowledgment?

We leave such matters to the official channels of communication, and they make a very poor hand of it. This hearty recognition of national sympathy may be contrasted with the heartless petty squabbling about the miserable Greek affair. That, say our officials, was conducted according to the highest technical rules of the diplomatic profession. Be it so: it placed England in the position of making an evasive apology for a breach of treaty; of backing exorbitant claims disgraceful even to the sharper practisers in trade, and then "bating its bill"; of accepting the mediation of a friendly power, and repaying the service with slight; of yielding to remonstrance what was refused to good taste or justice; and, finally, of raising a bad feeling between England and a powerful nation, only allayed by a humiliating concession. This is what diplomacy has done for the honor and interests of Great Britain.

But the tortuous notions of the profession contaminated the other side; even the being in the right was not a disinfectant against that contamination. The same M. Dupin, who is the instrument for suggesting and recording the generous national sentiment, when he was involved in the diplomatic squabble, and heard how England had yielded by its representative in that behalf, could not refrain from the unhandsome exclamation, "So we have the advantage at all points!"

Even the aspirations of diplomacy are ungenerous. It was for Lord Palmerston that Lord John Russell made the taunting boast, that "he was not the minister of Austria, nor of Russia, nor of France, but of England:" what is that but a jargon, or an official version of the retort common among the servile vulgar, "I am no servant of yours?" Sir Robert Peel was eminently the servant of England; among all our statesmen, not one more consistently and steadfastly devoted himself to promote the interests of England: but such devotion, so far from blinding a statesman to the feelings and interests of foreign nations, rather makes him more acute in the perception and earnest in the consideration; and it was so with Peel. We test the result when we see the representative of a highly acute and sensitive people declaring, "Our French hearts are still moved by the last words which he pronounced in the British Parliament—words of esteem and friendship for our country." Diplomatic smartness sets nation against nation, and so far endangers war: a generous reciprocity establishes between the same nations not only a feeling of common interest, but that higher sense of esteem and affection which draws them closer together, and binds both to the service of their common kind. Peel could do that individually; but it is France only that can give a national expression to such sentiments.

That one channel of communication should be supplied by the commissions for arranging the cosmopolitan display of progress in arts and indus-

try, appropriately enhances the tribute to the statesman who had done so much to develop industry, to render trade cosmopolitan, and to make countries better able to join in the furtherance of the arts. It may be called a striking illustration of the silent and peaceful advancement of that part which is true in democratical ideas—and all very widely and long entertained opinions have at least their nucleus of truth—when we note that the queen's husband has become capable of that national function by assuming a useful and "levelling" place among working commissioners. He is thus promoted from a royal station to the higher one of a national servant, and becomes an instrument in that intercourse of nations which will make their happiest alliance in history.

But this capacity, which the French teach us how to exercise and acquire, is good for more than a mere international and therefore occasional purpose. The faculty of recognizing greatness is not only a power, because it is the means of exercising an influence upon other countries, such as the French now exercise over us by their appeal to our liveliest and most conscience-compelling sentiments, but also because the recognition and overt acknowledgment of greatness stimulates the growth of it amongst ourselves, nay, *in ourselves*. We foster the growth of greatness by acknowledging it; we augment our own capacity for noble feelings and ideas by opening our souls to such influence. The nation that is under the influence of such feelings and ideas will be in itself the more powerful and happy: to possess this wisdom and feeling, is to have a wise head and a strong heart; to have a wise head and a strong heart, is to be wise in council and strong in action.

From the Spectator.

GYMNASTIC AND MORAL PHÆNOMENA.

COMMON resemblances doubtless pervade the family of man, and average results in corresponding periods may be expected in the actions of its members; but society is constantly liable to be surprised by recurring instances of exceptional types. At intervals nature appears ambitious of asserting both the extent and variety of her capabilities, and though mostly observant of general laws, shows that her empire is not bounded to a dull cycle of monotonous creations. Hence it is that we are frequently startled by human phenomena deviating as widely from ordinary models as cometary appearances in the heavens do from the more regular or at least better ascertained movements of the planetary bodies. What shape or character these surprises on routine life may have, can never be foreseen; they may be some novel forms of outrageous crime, or simply the display of a peculiar gift, taste, or merely of mechanical dexterities. There have, it may be collected, and by many it will be remembered, been within the last twenty or thirty years repeated and remarkable instances of all these varieties of human extraordinaries. For example, it is not a great while past since there appeared several persons in succession smitten by an irrepressible desire to climb the outside of the loftiest towers and spires, till, by the aid of sundry artificial claws and dentals, they had reached the fanes of the highest pinnacles; others have come out with an unconquerable propensity for flying from eminence to eminence, as the crows do from steeple to steeple; then there was another eccen-

tric, "Sam the Diver," whom nobody could restrain from plunging head-foremost from the middle arch of the highest bridges, or the mast-head of a vessel, into the sea or any river stream; besides these, there has appeared the "flying Ireland," of saltatory fame, who at a single bound would clear the crown of Pickford's loaded van. All these were phenomena of the gymnastic order; but there have been manifestations contemporary with them of an exclusively intellectual form, and quite as anomalous from the every-day casts of humanity.

For a current expression of this class of incomprehensibles, reference may be had to the arithmetical exploits of the German calculator in last week's *Spectator*. Now, the mental power by which Herr Daze, with astonishing quickness, executed his processes of involution and evolution, of cubing and squaring numbers and extracting their roots, or that by which he multiplied twelve figures by twelve figures and gave the product exactly in a minute and three quarters, must have been as unfathomable to the grave and reverend signiors of the Institute of Actuaries, before whom he exhibited, as if he had suspended himself in mid-air before them without visible means of support. But the most observable feature in this case is, that it is not the first of the kind that has appeared; and hence it may be inferred that a law of recurrence governs them as well as more commonplace manifestations. In the spring of 1812, the curiosity of the London public was greatly excited by the calculating genius of an American child under eight years of age, named Zerah Colburn. He was altogether unversed in the common rules of arithmetic, and on paper could not perform a simple sum in multiplication or division; but by an internal or may be intuitive process of his own mind, he readily solved the most operose questions in ciphering. He not only determined the exact number of minutes or seconds in any given period of time, but discovered with extraordinary despatch the square or cube root of high numbers. Being asked to raise the number 8 to the sixteenth power, he named the last result, 281,474,976,710,656, and was right in every figure. He had a method of finding out prime numbers, or numbers incapable of division by others, in a way peculiar to himself. Such powers seem inscrutable, incommensurable by any intellectual gauge we possess. Conjectures may be formed respecting them; and it may be supposed within the compass of nature that an order of intelligences may exist innately gifted with such prompt and transcendent faculties as raise the possessors as far above our own intellectual grade as we are above the chimpanzee; and for aught that can be gainsaid, there may be entire worlds of such mental superiorities. But to indulge such thoughts is wandering in vain hypotheses; and we descend to terrestrial phenomena, by noticing a class whose distinctive peculiarity is some overruling taste or propensity.

Of this order, and a not yet forgotten example, was the celebrated "Walking Stewart." This extraordinary had been an employé of the East India Company; but feeling a mission above the "making out of invoices for a company of grocers," he threw up his employment, and commenced a journey on foot from Calcutta through Central Asia and Syria till he reached Marseilles. He next traversed Spain, Germany, and the United States of America. It does not appear that Stewart had any special purpose in these incessant peregrinations, further than to gratify the love of seeing in

all parts of the habitable globe. He made no notes of his tours, left no reflections; the only conclusion of a general import which he seems to have arrived at was, that the time would come when *ladies* would cease to bear children, leaving travail entirely to poor people. There was, subsequently to Stewart, a Captain Cochrane, not less eminent in pedestrian feats; never tired, never hungry, and impregnable to all skyey influences. The captain expired in harness, in an effort to traverse Siberia and reach Kamtschatka on foot across the Uralian mountains.

Of a cognate character are those remarkable men who may be said to grapple insatiably with the savagery of nature. Mrs. Jamieson, in her *Canadian Rambles*, mentions an English gentleman who in single blessedness had voluntarily exiled himself from the fashionable society of London to encounter the perils and hardships of an American backwoodsman. Contrary to the wont of settlers, this tough old bachelor had commenced hewing his way in the forest, not inwardly from the frontier line of civilization, but outwardly; pitching, at the outset, his central point far within the bowels of the wilderness, and then working his way homewards, as it were, towards the region of light. In this way half a century had been passed; and the fair tourist found the "old buffalo," as she terms him, in the midst of well-stored granaries, with numerous flocks and herds.

But the most remarkable specimen of living wonders is that afforded in the lion-hunter of South Africa. Since the appearance of Waterton's *Wanderings* in Guiana, and of Colonel Crocket's *ursa major* fights, nothing has been published to match the five years of a hunter's life in chasing grim lions, the elephant, rhinoceros, and giraffe, and doing battle besides with sea-cows and serpents. But Mr. Cumming's narrative is strongly confirmatory of our thesis, in the fact that a gentleman of family and fortune, from mere love of ultra-excitement and adventure, has scorned soft delights to live laborious and dangerous days in the savannas and wilds of the tropics, away from all the securities and pleasures of polished society. Without further search, it establishes the truth of our proposition, that there is much in human nature not dreamt of in Hamlet's philosophy, and mysteries of organism, of intellectual gifts and tastes, of which common standards offer no solution.

IS PURE WATER FIT FOR DRINK?

To the Editor of the Spectator.

SIR—Your correspondent, "A Water Drinker," must be very ignorant of the laws of the animal economy, if he supposes that water impregnated with lime is useful for the preservation of health. On the contrary, the presence of this ingredient (alas! so common) is the fruitful source of dyspepsia, with all its horrors; of constipation; of obstructed kidneys, and of various other ailments too well known to us medical men. On the contrary, pure water (*i. e.*, filtered rain-water) is one of the *finest solvents* in nature; and I hail with pleasure the suggestion of the board of health for the supply of the metropolis with pure water. All England knows the repute of the Malvern water; and its value consists in *its purity*, scarcely a trace of saline or earthy ingredients being found in it; the absence of limestone in that locality allowing the water of the district to filter through the gravel and sand,

and thus returning, to give health to the valetudinarian. As to the presence of lime in water being necessary for the preservation of our bones, your correspondent need not fear that his osseous fabric will become enfeebled by drinking pure water, since many articles of diet contain phosphate of lime.

HOLIDAY SPORTS.—In some countries they go on hunting commonly on good Friday in the morning, for a common custom. Will ye break the evil custom, or cast away Good Friday? There be cathedral churches into which the country cometh with processions at Whitsuntide, and the women following the cross with many an unwomanly song, and that such honest wives as out of that procession ye could not hyre to speak one such foul rybaudry word as they there sing for God's sake hole rebaudous songs as loud as their throat can cry. Will you mend that lewde manner or put away Whitsuntide? Ye speak of lewdness used at pylgrymages; is there, trow ye, none used on holy days? And why do ye not then advise us to put them clean away, Sundays and all? Some wax drone in Lent of wygges and cracknels; and yet ye wolde not, I trust, that Lent were fordone.—SIR THOMAS MOORE'S *Dialoge*, ff. 79.

From Fraser's Magazine.

STANZAS FOR MUSIC.

[Both intended to be set to music.]

'T is sweet to lie in the noon-day shade,
With the white clouds sailing overhead,
When the flowers give out a heavy perfume,
And the bee hangs o'er them with busy hum,
And think of thee!

'T is sweet to wander in twilight pale,
When night is dropping her dusky veil—
To watch the stars as they slowly appear,
And track the bat as he flits through the air,
And think of thee!

'T is sweet in all hours of day or night,
In the deepest gloom or the brightest light,
In lonely silence or festive cheer,
'T is sweet—no matter when or where—
To think of thee!

I'm weary of this heavy chain,
I'm weary of this lengthened pain—
Would I were free!
One thought before me day and night,
One object ever in my sight,
Too dear to me!

I think of what I was before,
The gay and lightsome heart I bore,
And what I'm now!
The beating pulse, the choking sigh,
The burning blush, the sleepless eye,
Are all I know!

Yet there are times when doubts depart,
And thoughts come soothing o'er my heart,
Which sweetly say
That some one also feels like me,
And some one suffers equally—
Oh, that he may!

CONTENTS OF No. 327.

1. Dr. Johnson and Dr. Hookwell, - - -	<i>Quarterly Review</i> , - - -	337
2. The Pope and the New Miracle, - - -	<i>Examiner</i> , - - -	341
3. Supply of Cotton, - - -	<i>Do.</i> , - - -	343
4. American Factories in Ireland, - - -	<i>Spectator</i> , - - -	344
5. The Great Diamond, - - -	<i>Do.</i> , - - -	345
6. The Island of Cuba, - - -	<i>Fraser's Magazine</i> , - - -	347
7. The Heirs of Gauntry, - - -	<i>Do.</i> , - - -	357
8. Goethe and his Influence, - - -	<i>Edinburgh Review</i> , - - -	365
9. The Nepaulese Ambassadors and their Country, -	<i>Examiner</i> , - - -	380
10. Education of Nations, - - -	<i>Spectator</i> - - -	381
11. Gymnastic and Moral Phenomena, - - -	<i>Do.</i> , - - -	382

POETRY.—The Washington, 355.—Southey's Common Place Book, 364.—Words for Music, 379.—Stanzas for Music, 383.

SHORT ARTICLES.—Free Schools in Ohio, 346.—Mr. Layard, 355.—Madam Rachel, 356.—Sultan and Dervise, 364.—Turks at a Fire, 379.—Pure Water, 383.

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WASHINGTON, 27 Dec. 1845.

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J. Q. ADAMS